

NEW SERIES.

SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER.

THE

# LITERARY UNION:

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"INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING."

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## I.

### MARIE ANTOINETTE.

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THE first act of Louis XVI. and his Queen, when informed of the decease of the old monarch, was to fall upon their knees and exclaim, "My God! guide us, protect us: we are too young to reign." It is doubtless true, that they were partially aware of the difficulties surrounding them, and of their unfitness for guiding discreetly the ship of state, shattered as she then was, through the sea of continental politics.

This was in May, 1774, at the close of a reign, the commencement of which, had marked the period of decline of a dynasty still the most powerful in Europe. The absoluteness of the monarchy of the fourteenth Louis, had waned, during the succeeding reign, to the ministerial rule of such party leaders as could command the greatest influence. It was not the ambition of the King to make the state great and respected, to extend its borders, or increase its influence in the Courts of Europe; it was not his ambition, as it was his great-grand sire's, to make the Ministry in their political capacity and the noblesse in their social relations subservient only to his will. The wars which were carried on during his reign, were the results of causes beyond his control, and terminated ruinously to the integrity of his empire. Confiding to his advisers the supervision of affairs involving the

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MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF MARIE ANTOINETTE, QUEEN OF FRANCE. By MADAME CAMPAN, First Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen. From the third London edition; with a Biographical Introduction from "The Heroic Women of the French Revolution." By M. De Lamar-tine, Member of the Executive Government of France. In 2 vols. London: Henry Colburn. Philadelphia: A. Hart. 1850.

VOL. II.



welfare of the nation, he gladly turned to the enjoyment of his social nature in the society of the several mistresses, who successively held sway over his passions. His was, however, the sin of weakness rather than of design; he aimed less to oppress his subjects, than to throw off the restraints imposed by Christian obligation and a just regard for the common decencies of society;—decencies the French are not often the most active in observing! He was beguiled into the execution of some of the most important acts of his life by his female favorites, instigated, in their turn, by designing courtiers and aspiring demagogues. That the monarch was ignorant of the disgrace he was attaching to his House or of the dangers gathering over its head, is not to be supposed; he consoled himself with the unkingly suggestion that it would maintain its supremacy, at least, during his life.

Such was the condition of the monarchy, when the young dauphin's betrothal to Marie Antoinette, archduchess of Austria, was negotiated. This event was the result of the diplomacy of the duc de Choiseul, minister of France, and the empress Maria Theresa. As this alliance was a ministerial measure, it met with the heartiest opposition from the party which soon after came into power. Upon the retirement of Choiseul from the Court, the young princess was left without a friend, save those who were attached to her person. The new Ministry were desirous of humbling the pride of Austria, and hesitated not to accomplish their purpose at the expense of fidelity to national treaties and loyalty to the *heirs apparent* to the throne. These circumstances, combined with the factious disputes sustained on the one side by the throne and its emissaries, and on the other by the parliament and its partisans, and the growing hostility of certain classes against Jesuitism, greatly enhanced the difficulties surrounding the young monarch and his wife. In addition, the anti-Austrian party had taken care to instill into the mind of the youthful Louis, a coldness and distrust toward his Queen, to counteract any influence she might exert favorable to the empire of her imperial mother.

For a knowledge of the less important incidents in the life of Marie Antoinette, we are indebted to the "Memoirs" by Madame Campan, First Lady of the Bedchamber. Her position near the Queen gave her abundant opportunities for observing her least guarded actions, and becoming acquainted with her more personal traits of character. Inspired by the profoundest affection, it is not surprising that she has



found less in the character of her mistress to deplore if not to condemn, than those historians who have been accustomed to impute the misfortunes of France to the faults of her rulers. The evident desire of the writer to present an impartial picture, atones, in part, for the slight confusion of names and titles observable in her work.

To show how slight a circumstance is sometimes looked upon by the historian as productive of important consequences, we need only to allude to the opinion of Madame Campan, sustained by that of Lamartine, that a fruitful cause of the Queen's misfortunes, was the supreme contempt she felt for the etiquette of the house of Bourbon. The right to command its observance, was esteemed one of the most sacred of royal prerogatives; its infringement, an insult to the pride of power, not to be forgiven. This artificial requirement was looked upon by the German princess as an attempt, by the dependents on the monarchy, to sustain its augustness on a fictitious, if not childish basis. Unfortunately, Madame de Noailles who was appointed her lady of honor, entertained a profound veneration for the established usages of the court, without in any degree possessing the ability to inspire her young charge with like sentiments.\* Narrow-minded, frivolous, and antiquated, her instructions were so offered as to excite ridicule and repartee, which, in return, were repaid by hatred and calumny.

Marie was early impressed with the idea that her connection with Louis was to be unfortunate. Before her departure from Vienna, Joseph Gassner, a pretender to mysterious wisdom, was consulted by the empress to ascertain what would be the fortunes of her daughter. His reply: "*Madame, there are crosses for all shoulders,*" was looked upon by her countrymen and herself, as a prophetic revelation of an inevitable fate.† The prediction often recurred to her in after life, producing the involuntary horror attendant upon

\* MADAME CAMPAN thus describes an incident in which she was concerned:—"One day I unintentionally throw this poor lady into a terrible agony; the Queen was receiving, I know not whom—some persons just presented, I believe; the lady of honor, the Queen's tire-woman, and the ladies of the bed-chamber, were behind the Queen. I was near the throne, with the two women on duty. All was right; at least I thought so. Suddenly, I perceived the eyes of Madame de Noailles fixed on mine. She made a sign with her head, and then raised her eyebrows to the top of her forehead, lowered them, raised them again; then began to make little signs with her hand. From all this pantomime, I could easily perceive that something was not as it should be; and as I looked about on all sides to find out what it was, the agitation of the countess kept increasing. The Queen, who perceived all this, looked at me with a smile; I found means to approach her majesty, who said to me in a whisper, *Let down your lappets, or the countess will expire.* All this bustle arose from two unlucky pins, which fastened up my lappets, whilst the etiquette of costume said, '*Lappets hanging down.*'"

† As an illustration of the interest with which such omens as could be construed as having a relation to her fate were regarded, we quote from the illustrious Goethe, who was admitted into the pavilion prepared for her, on an island in the Rhine, on her way to Paris: "On my entrance, I was struck

an instinctive consciousness of its truth. In this, she only obeyed the mysterious promptings of her German nature.

Marie was in her twentieth and her royal consort in his twenty-first year, when the death of Louis XV. summoned them to the throne. To pretend that their accession was not hailed with delight by the French people, would be to acknowledge an ignorance of their nature; still, among the courtiers and probably the noblesse, the first inquiries were, how are the rights and privileges of our orders to be secured? which party is to control the state? The dignity of the crown had already been compromised by the capricious influences of intriguing mistresses and their coadjutors over a wanton monarch;—a species of corruption which was attended by all the lesser vices of a court-life. With the best of intentions, the young king found himself controlled on all sides by a state of things he could neither approve nor resist, the elements of political decomposition in the state and of moral degradation in the social relations of the court. The change was elementary; it could not have been stayed by the piety and resolution which marked the reign of Henry IV. What qualifications, then, had he, who had been bred in the most scrupulous and ascetic piety, and in profound ignorance of the fascinations of the voluptuous circles around him and of the polite accomplishments of the society of Versailles? His education had fitted him for the cloister; not for the throne. We quote a paragraph from Madame Campan, significant, not only of the conjugal habits of the royal pair, but of courtier-life in the capital:

“ALTHOUGH, at the period of his grandfather’s death, Louis XVI. had not availed himself of his marital privilege, he began to be exceedingly attached to the Queen. The first period of so deep a mourning not admitting of indulgence in the diversion of hunting, he proposed to her walks in the gardens of Choisy: they went out like man and wife, the young King giving his arm to the Queen, and accompanied by a very small suite. The influence of this example had such an effect upon the courtiers, that the next day several couples, who had long, and for good reasons, been disunited, were, to the amusement of the whole court, seen walking upon the terrace with the same apparent conjugal intimacy. Thus they spent whole hours, braving the intolerable wearisomeness of their protracted *tête-à-têtes*, out of mere obsequiousness.”

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with the subject depicted in the tapestry with which the principal pavilion was hung, in which were seen Jason, Creusa, and Medea, that is to say, a representation of the most fatal union commemorated in history. On the left of the throne, the bride, surrounded by friends and distracted attendants, was struggling with a dreadful death. Jason, on the other side, was starting back, struck with horror at the sight of his murdered children; and the Fury was soaring into the air, in her chariot drawn by dragons.”

Historians all agree in awarding to Marie the most charming simplicity and frankness of character, united to a person of extraordinary beauty and power of pleasing.\* In the "Memoirs," her virtue is accounted her most ennobling trait; still, the first years of her reign, were marked by the most determined assaults upon her reputation—assaults which subsequent events rendered but too effective. The most common attentions exchanged with those around her, were tortured into proofs of culpable frivolity or criminal design. On the occasion of her making a party to the gardens of Marly, to witness the dawn of morning and sunrise—a spectacle she had never seen—the most scandalous ballad that a corrupt genius could compose, was circulated in Paris. "The blackest colors were employed to paint an enjoyment so harmless, that there is scarcely a young woman in the country, who has not endeavored to procure it for herself."† The institution of sledge parties, an amusement the Queen was very fond of while there was snow on the ground, and in which she was joined by the nobility, was decried as an attempt on her part to introduce into the French capital the usages of Germany; she was accused of riding through the streets of Paris in a sledge. Changes in costume, encouraged by her, were considered as an attempt to overturn the ancient usages of the court and unnationalize the kingdom. But while it cannot reasonably be said that her conduct afforded proof of any culpable design, it must be acknowledged that prudence should have dictated a different course. If she had faults, they appeared only in her thoughtlessness—in the exuberant spirits that found satisfaction in such juvenile amusements as blindman's buff, and similar games.

The allusions we have made, suffice to give a very correct idea of the social habits of the Queen; it now becomes necessary to speak of her conjugal relations with her husband. It was not till near the close of 1777, that his indifference to her was so overcome, that she ventured to consider herself fully his wife; a fact which had afforded her, and such of the court as were friendly to her interests, the utmost unea-

\* "It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France at Versailles, and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision! I saw her just above the horizon decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor, and joy."—*Burke's Reflections*.

† It was thus, with libels and ballads, that the enemies of Marie Antoinette hailed the first days of her reign. They exerted themselves every way to render her unpopular. Their aim was, beyond all doubt, to have her sent back to Germany; and there was not a moment to be lost in its accomplishment. That the indifference of the King toward his amiable and beautiful wife had lasted so long, was already a matter of wonder; day after day it was to be expected that the seductive charms of Marie Antoinette would undo all their machinations. *Note by Madame Campan.*



siness. A paragraph from the pen of the first Lady of the Bedchamber, delicately alludes to an idea that was fast obtaining currency, and which, as it had reference to the capacities of royalty and the succession of the crown, was of no trifling political moment.\* According to the accurate computation of our authoress, the birth of the princess followed, exactly at the end of a year from the assumption of marital usages by his majesty. After this he gave her no room to complain of his indifference. The birth of a dauphin soon followed, and seemed for a brief period, to allay the active enmities existing against her. Soon, however, the publication of licentious and infamous ballads, was resumed, all bearing upon the dignity and virtue of her more private life.† About this time, Madame Campan says she remonstrated with the Queen, more than once, for that freedom in her manners so indicative of innocence and frankness, but so liable to misconstruction by the designing.

We come now to the relation of two events, scarcely worth an allusion, were it not that historians have assigned them an important place among the causes of the French revolution, and the unhappy fate of Marie Antoinette. We allude to the publication of the "*Marriage of Figaro*," and the magnificent swindle of the Diamond Necklace.

Beaumarchais, author of the "*Marriage of Figaro*," had become ambitious of a greater distinction than "*The Barber of Seville*" and his other works had brought him, and conceived the design of ridiculing the government in a dramatic entertainment at the theaters. The prohibition of the King against its representation, was not sufficient to prevent it, but was sufficient to give rise to the earlier clamors of the *literati* for the freedom of letters.

The affair of the diamond necklace, was of much greater significance; its result showing a successful league hostile to the dynasty and power of the throne. The chief actress was one Madame de Lamotte, of low birth but of elevated ancestry, whose husband was in a subaltern position near the palace of Versailles. Her object was to get possession of a valuable diamond necklace which Bœhmer the crown-

\* "DATING from this long-delayed but happy moment, the King's attachment to the Queen assumed every characteristic of love; the good Lassone, first physician to the King and Queen, frequently spoke to me of the uneasiness, that the King's indifference, the cause of which he had been so long in overcoming, had given him, and appeared to me at that time to entertain anxiety of a very different description."

† THE envious rabble greedily swallowed reports that justified their hatred of the great; vulgar imagination and credulity came to complete, with touches the most disgusting and atrocious, the picture that malignant satire had first drawn. And the Queen herself, in the inconsistent gaiety of youth, of innocence, and high place, gave those handles to calumny that dissolute hypocrisy would have avoided.—*The History of France*. By Eyre Evans Crowe.

jeweler had been several years in perfecting, in hope of disposing of it to the Queen. She had, however, refused to have it purchased, and charged Bœhmer to relinquish his purpose. Madame de Lamotte, to secure this treasure, commenced negotiations with the cardinal prince de Rohan, grand almoner to the royal household, to engage his assistance. Knowing that de Rohan was not on speaking terms with the Queen, and that his greatest desire was to secure her friendship, she boldly presented him a forged note signed "*Marie Antoinette, of France*," purporting that the writer would consider it a great favor if he would purchase the necklace for her, without the knowledge of the King or court; stipulating that it should remain for a specified time a profound secret. The cardinal, after consulting the far-famed prince of quacks, count Cagliostro, seized the proffered bait and soon consummated the bargain with the jeweler. Another forged note from the hands of Madame de Lamotte, arranged the method of delivering the necklace into the hands of the Queen's confidential *valet-de-chambre*, in a private alcove in the garden attached to Madame's residence. On the evening named, the cardinal repaired in disguise to the appointed place, and delivered the casket containing the jewels, into the hands of one Vilette, a creature in the service of Lamotte, disguised in the Queen's livery. Thus far, the intrigue had required not less than a twelvemonth of negotiation and the participation of many agents to provide against suspicion on the part of the cardinal and the jeweler. This only could be accomplished by sustaining the illusion that Lamotte was enjoying the continued confidence of Marie Antoinette, by whom, in fact, as it afterward appeared, she had never been seen.— Her sagacity in arranging scenes wherein she appeared a royal favorite, and her adroitness in substituting herself, in the eyes of her victims, for one and another of the less noted ladies about the court, were sufficiently successful; it was only when the stipulated installments of the purchase-price, were not forthcoming, that the plot was discovered. This was delayed several months, and might never have occurred—as it was a part of her plan that the cardinal should eventually pay for the necklace—had not that prince experienced the same neglect from the Queen, when he considered himself entitled to her warmest gratitude. His infatuation and Bœhmer's pecuniary urgencies resulted in an *eclaircissement*. The Queen experienced the mortification of knowing that notes with her signature had been circulated in a circle of

the vilest intriguers, and that by many she would be implicated as a participant in the plot. Some historians, even, have not exonerated her.\*

Thus appeared the circumstances attending the affair of the necklace, although by the royal family and their friends, the prince de Rohan was considered *particeps criminis*, and consequently passed the ordeal of a trial with the others.—They were punished, and he was acquitted. His acquittal was regarded as an insult to the dignity of the throne, so far as it had been compromised by his implication in the affair. The following passage from Madame Campan, shows in what light it was regarded by Marie :

“THE Queen’s grief was extreme; as soon as I learned the substance of the decision, I went to her, and found her alone in her closet; she was weeping: ‘Come,’ said her majesty to me, ‘come and lament for your Queen, insulted and sacrificed by cabal and injustice.’” [Memoirs, vol. 2, p. 28.]

This affair is to be considered of importance to the fortunes of Marie Antoinette, no farther than it was laid hold of by her enemies, to prove her extravagance. The Abbe Talleyrand Perigord, then young, but afterward of no small account in European politics, said in reference to it: “Attend narrowly to that miserable affair of the necklace; I should be nowise surprised if it overturned the throne.”†

From this time, (1785,) affairs rapidly approached a crisis. No Ministry could long stem the tide of popular discontent; in consequence, the Queen was partly compelled to turn her attention from her social enjoyments to the affairs of state. The fortitude she exhibited during the convulsions premonitory of the revolution, could not have been expected from one so little accustomed to interfere in public matters. Louis, vacillating as ever, confided to her the management of affairs no minister could have conducted successfully in the midst of agitations so violent. This increased the violence of the factions from suppressed murmurs to open threats—from secret plotting to undisguised rebellion. The insurrections of July, 1789, were the first scenes in the great drama. On the 15th, an immense throng assembled in the court-yard of the castle, and called for the royal family. They advanced to the terrace, while Madame Campan passed into the throng. She describes (vol. 2, p. 44,) what she witnessed :

“I HEARD a thousand vociferations: it was easy to see, by the difference

\* See “Memoirs of Abbe Georgel.”

† Alison’s History of Europe, vol. 1, p. 60.



between the language and the dress of some persons among the mob, that they were in disguise. A woman, whose face was covered with a black lace veil, seized me by the arm, with some degree of violence, and said, calling me by my name, 'I know you very well: tell your Queen not to meddle with government any longer: let her leave her husband and our good States-general, to effect the happiness of the people.' At the same moment, a man, dressed much in the style of a market-man, with his hat pulled down over his eyes, seized me by the other arm, and said, 'Yes, yes; tell her over and over again, that it will not be with these States as with the others, which produced no good to the people; that the nation is too enlightened in 1789, not to make something more of them: and that there will not now be seen, a deputy of the Tiers-etat making a speech with one knee on the ground: tell her this, do you hear?'"

In October the palace of Versailles was attacked by a mob which penetrated to the Queen's apartment, vowing to put an end to her life at once; she, however, had escaped to another part of the palace. The mob then demanded that the royal family should return to Paris, and the demand was granted. The royal family, the body-guards, a large portion of the army, and an almost illimitable concourse of the most abandoned, of both sexes of the populace, formed the motley procession. Their return, for awhile, lulled to peace the jarring elements of Revolutionism. The Queen was again able to enjoy the felicity of a quiet intercourse with her husband and children, disturbed occasionally, it is true, by the outbreaks of the contending factions. Foreseeing, that a regard for personal safety might require them to flee from Paris and from France, the plan of flight was occasionally a subject of discussion. Still, it was not till 1791 that it was deemed necessary to carry it into execution. By the treachery of one of the women of the wardrobe, the contemplated flight was made known to the Assembly, which body took measures to prevent it. They were overtaken at Varennes, and brought back to Paris to suffer a still more rigorous surveillance. It was during the night of the Varennes journey, that the Queen's hair changed from a beautiful brown to an almost snowy whiteness.

The assent of the King to the constitution, once more gave an apparent peace to the distracted family, although it was regarded as a prelude to still greater sacrifices of kingly prerogatives. They were inevitable; one after another of those on whom they could rely, was denounced by the Jacobins. The fall of Barnave, one of the ablest and truest servants of the royal family, also a member of the Assembly,

left them still more friendless. The King fell into the utmost despondency, passing several days without uttering a word. The pressure of circumstances had completely crushed his spirit. The occasional gleams of energy afterward manifested, were only the spasms of expiring power. On the fatal night of the 10th of August, 1792, he fled with his family from the palace to the Assembly, in obedience to the counsel of a messenger sent by that body.\* They fled; but to a prison. In obedience to a decree of the Assembly, Louis was conducted to the block on the 21st of January, 1793.

Soon after, the dauphin was separated from his mother under pretense that she was devising a plan to escape from the Temple, in which she was imprisoned. The order of the Committee of Public Safety to his keeper: "*Get quit of him,*" was understood and obeyed. He was confined in a loathesome cell, without wholesome food, until his privations terminated his life. His widowed mother was removed to the Conciergerie. A narrow and damp apartment containing a worn mattress and bed of straw, constituted her only accommodations. Madame de Stael, at this time, published a pamphlet denouncing the policy and justice of such treatment. "Women of France," said she, "I appeal to you: your empire is over if ferocity continue to reign: your destinies are gone if your tears fall in vain. Defend the Queen by the arms which Nature has given you." All was in vain; at the end of two months she was brought to trial. The only charge sustained against her was sworn to by two of the most atrocious monsters of the revolution. Hebert and Simon deposed that the dauphin had informed them that he had been initiated into improper practices by his mother. Being called upon to answer, she said: "If I have not hitherto spoken, it is because nature refuses to answer to such an accusation, brought against a mother." Turning to the audience, she added: "I appeal to all the mothers who hear me whether such a thing is possible!" The eloquence of her counsel availed nothing; she was condemned.

Previous to her execution on the 16th of October, she wrote to the princess Elizabeth, sister of Louis, a letter of consolation. It abounded in proofs of her piety and virtue, and indicated resignation to her fate. Though the place of execution was surrounded by a vast assemblage of the populace shouting in the delirium of their exultation, she sub-

\* MADAME CAMPAN'S work does not detail the future history of Marie Antoinette, as they were never afterwards allowed to meet. She has written only what passed under her own observation.—We will briefly recount the closing events of the drama.—*Editors.*

mitted to the stroke of death with a firmness becoming the daughter of Maria Theresa, and a dignity worthy the Queen of France.

Notwithstanding the corruption of contemporaneous historians, posterity have not failed to do her justice. Nothing blameworthy is attached to her character, save the fondness for amusement and show which she exhibited in the earlier years of her reign ; but which, during the unequalled calamities of her after life, gave place to the affection of a wife and a mother, and the patriotism of a sovereign. Of innocence, of beauty, and of misfortune, she is regarded as one of the most illustrious examples afforded by the pages of history.

## II.

HISTORICAL VIEW OF THE LANGUAGES AND LITERATURE OF THE SLAVIC NATIONS ; *with a Sketch of their Popular Poetry.* By TALVI. *With a Preface by Edward Robinson, D.D. LL.D., author of "Biblical Researches in Palestine," etc.* New-York : George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway. 1850.

To review a work like this, and do it justice, we should need what the author has had—a residence of years in the East—and a far deeper erudition than even Talvi's ; for if our knowledge is merely equal, where is our warrant for criticism ? But as to secure these qualifications would demand an interval of time which would throw the preparation of this paper far forward into the future, when, perchance, both book and magazine may be slumbering in the shadowy oblivion kindly designed to relieve the world from all things not essential to its progress—and when, quite possibly, patriotic Russ exiles may be illustrating their own literature amongst us in popular lectures, and Czekhish minstrel-girls chanting native songs at the corners of our streets—in view of this long delay, and the contingencies thereto attached, we have resolved *not* to write a review. A few words we may venture upon the style—a brief analysis of the plan,—and an opinion as to the author's success ; but our chief aim will be to present our readers with a few specimens, from the volume, of Slavic ballad Literature, so little known, and yet so well worthy our attention.



When we consider that Russia is regarded as being as savage a nation as the bear which has come to be her emblem; that Poland is looked upon as half barbarous; and that Hungary, with its numberless provinces, was almost unknown to us till the recent patriotic war, save as we caught mysterious hints, through the old romances, of its primitive grandeur and enlightenment;—we do not wonder that the idea of such countries having a national *Literature*, should scarcely have been entertained. And as far as elaborate works are concerned, this opinion is generally justified; the best productions being the spontaneous ballads which image forth, as they ever do, the genius and history of the race.

The work before us has four general divisions called Parts; the first treating of the Old, or Church Slavic Language and Literature; the second, that of the Eastern Slavic; the third, of the Western Slavic; and the fourth, giving us a sketch of the Popular Poetry of all these nations, with their numerous subdivisions.

The different chapters and sections of the work are respectively devoted to the branches of sub-races above mentioned; giving an analysis of the language of each, and its derivation and principal features, with an account of its Literature, unaccompanied with specimens for illustration. The literary histories are divided into periods, separated by the advent of eminent writers, or great political changes.

To one desirous of investigating the Philology of the Slavic tongues, or becoming theoretically acquainted with the names, characters and ages of the principal writers, this portion of the book presents all the advantages of a compact and reliable text-book. It develops many principles, also, highly important as affecting the future history of literary effort. Yet, upon the whole, we cannot recommend it to the general reader as an *entertaining* book; one which, by charm of style, will arrest and hold the attention of a person not specially interested in the investigation alluded to. In short, it is *dry*; marked by a hardness and ambiguity of expression, not at all conducive to close attention on the part of the reader. We confess to have utterly failed in our attempts to read it after dinner; the *siesta* would intrude its claims in spite of us. Yet it is impervious to the shafts of grammatical criticism; intelligent and instructive in every sentence, and enlightened and liberal in sentiment. The *hiatus* is simply in the graces of style.

The *fourth* part, however, is a sort of autumn; a garniture

of fruitage, secured by the toil of the preceding seasons. It is as though we had worked on through the winter of utter barbarism, the spring of lingual elements combining into language, and the summer of toilsome analysis of such language, to be rewarded with the grateful treasures of rich poems, and the hints of national custom and feelings, on which, as the apple on its stem, they may be supposed to depend. The style, to be sure, is the same; but it makes a vast difference whether the frame encloses a beautiful picture, or a dry diagram of verbal terminations and consonant redundancies; whether the author discourses learnedly on the genius of a language in which we have no special interest, or naturally delineates the varieties of passion and emotion, the beautiful historical influences and incidents, and the fascinations of a fresh sentiment, which all go to create the vehicle for their own legitimate expression—poetry. While, therefore, over three-fourths of the book, ninety-nine readers of every hundred (if so many persevere in its perusal) will inevitably sleep, a large majority will trespass on the hour of goblins, rather than leave the last quarter unfinished.

But the reader shall be his own judge. From Part II. we give the following extract, as the best passage we found, and one, too, which we think would be approved anywhere:

#### PANSLAVISM.

"THE reign of the emperor Nicholas opened with a bloody tragedy which concerns us here only so far, as the dissatisfied, effervescing, unhealthy spirit of the literary youth of Russia was in a very striking manner exhibited in it.

"Several poets and men of some literary fame were among the conspirators. Rileyef, Bestushef, and others, became the victims of their imprudence. An analogous spirit had some years before banished young Pushkin from the capital. It was evident, that the Russian muse was no longer the good old gossiping lady in French court-dress and hoops, who was ready to drop a humble courtesy to every person of rank and influence; she was no longer the shepherdess who had inspired Dmitrief with his sweet yet tame verses; she had been by the example and the pernicious influence of the modern philosophical schools gradually metamorphosed into a wild romantic girl, burning with desire to drink freely, and without being watched by police agents, from the true source of poetry open to all nations; to rove about in the world of imagination free from fetters and restraint. The means which the emperor chose to cure her from these eccentricities; to chain her at home by endearing it to her; in short, to *Russify* her again; were certainly very judicious.

"We have seen that the spirit of historical and archæological researches, as well as the interest for the study of the Slavic languages, was already awakened in the preceding period. The government did every thing to favor it, and to nurse that truly patriotic zeal which tries to penetrate the past in order to search for those links which connect it with the present. All influence from without was as much as possible checked; the professorships of philosophy were abolished at all the universities (1827); the scissors of censorship were directed to cut sharper; the catalogue of forbidden books was made longer; the permission to travel was often denied, and the term of lawful absence for a Russian subject confined to five years. But in the interior, within the safe inclosure of the Chinese walls of protection against the epidemic fever of the age, the most energetic measures were taken to promote national education, and to cultivate those fields of science where no political tares could be sown among the grain.

"Of all political ideas, one at least was favored; and this was the great idea of *Panslavism*; that is, of the close connection or union of all the Slavic races among themselves. Of this great family, some of whose members after a short period of flourishing life are withering fast away, if not supported by the whole, Russia is the natural head, the great animating soul, into which the other parts all must naturally be absorbed at last.—This idea, first scientifically wrought out by Bohemian scholars, and cherished by their pride, which was justly offended by the oppressions and undisguised contempt experienced from the Germans, was well received by the Russian literati; and even by many of those who naturally loved the Poles, and did not approve of the harsh measures of the Russian government. There was even in Poland itself a school which adopted this view; nay, some distinguished Polish scholars claim it as their own original idea. According to them, the Austrians and Prussians alone were the real usurpers; in being absorbed by Russia as a member of the great Slavic empire, Poland yielded only to its fate, and could hope for a more glorious *Panslavic* resurrection, i. e. a resurrection as a member of the great whole."

The following account of one of the famous manuscripts deemed of such high value during the earlier ages, and now so interesting as memorials of literary progress, will interest at least the antiquarian:

#### TEXTE DU SACRE.

"It was generally known, that the kings of France were accustomed, at their coronation at Rheims, to take the oath on a large book, called *Texte du Sacre*, bound in gold or gilding, and covered with unwrought precious stones, which contained the Gospels written in some unknown hieroglyphic language. When in 1717 Tzar Peter I. visited Rheims, this book was shown to him among other curiosities, and he exclaimed at once: "This is my own Slavonic!" This view was soon spread among Slavic scholars. But the precious parchment was written in two columns, and in



two languages. What idiom could the other be? The French, it is said, took it for Greek; more probably for Coptic. In 1789, a learned English traveler, Thomas Ford Hill, was shown some Glagolitic manuscripts in the imperial library at Vienna; whereupon he declared without hesitation, that this was the mysterious writing of the Rheims manuscript. Before the Vienna scholars, Dobner and Alter, then at the head of Slavic matters, had time to investigate the matter further, the revolution broke out, and the precious document disappeared. No trace was left of it; and for half a century the patriotic Slavic scholars supposed they had cause to lament the loss of a document of the very highest antiquity. It was conjectured that the book had originally been brought to France by some Slavic princess; for instance, by a princess of Kief, who is said to have been sent for by Henry I., son of Hugh Capet and king of France in the beginning of the eleventh century. Application was made on the subject to Sylvestre de Sacy; whose report gave some hope, that the precious relic might still be preserved. Search was made by Kopitar in Italy and at Paris, but all in vain. At last it was again found at Rheims by the Russian scholar Stroyef; who, however, seems not to have been acquainted with the Glagolitic writing, and therefore laid little stress on it. The volume was stripped of its costly ornaments, and had therefore been the more easily recovered during the reign of Napoleon; who endeavored, as much as was in his power, to restore the spoils of the revolution, while he himself filled Paris with the spoils of all other nations.

"The librarian at Rheims, in order best to meet the numerous inquiries of Slavic scholars, caused a *fac simile* of it to be taken; and it was finally committed to the learned Kopitar's care. It was now discovered, that this long deplored document contained two unconnected portions of the Gospels; one in Cyrillic letters, the other, considerably longer, in Glagolitic; and both executed with remarkable calligraphic skill. The Glagolitic portion was marked with the date 1395. It was written at Prague, and presented by the emperor Charles IV. to the Abbot of Emaus; with the injunction, that these *Evangelia* should be chanted at mass; and the remark was added, that the accompanying Cyrillic portion was written by St. Procopius with his own hand. Procopius was one of the patron saints of Bohemia, who died in 1053. How this valuable manuscript was finally removed to France, is still unexplained. At Rheims nothing further was known, than that it had been presented by the Cardinal of Lorraine in A. D. 1554. A rumor ascribed to the Cyrillic portion a Greek origin; the Glagolitic part was generally considered as a relic from St. Jerome's own library. This supposed immediate connection with two saints, may well account for the reverence with which the book was treated in France. A splendid edition of this work, under the patronage of the emperor of Russia, was prepared by Kopitar, and appeared in 1843 at Paris."

We shall now subjoin a few extracts from Part IV., to prepare the reader for the ballad-specimens which we shall offer.

"THIS is the age of utilitarianism. The Genius of poetry still lives indeed, for he is immortal; but the period of his living power is gone. His present dwelling is the study; the sphere of his operations the parlor; the scene, where his exhibitions are displayed in a dress of morocco and gold, is the center table of the rich and the genteel. *Popular poetry*,—we do not mean that divine gift, the dowry of a few blessed individuals; we mean that general productiveness, which pervades the mass of men as it pervades Nature,—popular poetry, among all the nations of Europe, is only a dying plant. Here and there a lonely relic is discovered among the rocks, preserved by the invigorating powers of the mountain air; or a few sickly plants, half withered in their birth, grow up in some solitary valley, hidden from the intrusive genius of modern improvement and civilization, who makes his appearance with a brush in his hand, sweeping mercilessly away even the loveliest flowers which may be considered as impediments in his path. Twenty years hence, and a trace will not be left, except the dried specimens which the *amateur* lays between two sheets of paper, and the copies preserved in cabinets.

"Among the nations of the Slavic race alone is the living flower still to be found, growing in its native luxuriance; but even here, only among the Servians and Dalmatians in its full blossom and beauty. For centuries these treasures have been buried from the literary world. Addison, when he endeavored to vindicate his admiration of the ballad of "Chevy-Chace," by the similarity of some of its passages with the epics of Virgil and Homer, had not the remotest idea, that the immortal blind bard had found his true and most worthy successors among the likewise blind poets of his next Hyperborean neighbors. The merit of having lifted at last the curtain from these scenes, belongs to Germany; chiefly to Herder. But only the few last years have allowed a more full and satisfactory view of them.

"In laying before our readers a sketch of Slavic popular poetry, we must renounce at once any attempt at chronological order. Slavic popular poetry has yet no history. Not that a considerable portion of it is not very ancient. Many mysterious sounds, even from the gray ages of paganism, reach us, like the chimes of distant bells, unconnected and half lost in the air; while, of many other songs and legends, the coloring reminds us strongly of their Asiatic home. But the wonderful tales they convey, have mostly been only confined to tradition; especially there, where the fountain of poetry streamed, and streams still, in the richest profusion, namely, in Servia. Handed down from generation to generation, each has impressed its mark upon them. Tradition, that wonderful offspring of reality and imagination, affords no safer basis to the history of poetry, than to the history of nations themselves. To dig out of dust and rubbish a few fragments of manuscripts, which enable us to cast one glance into the night of the past, has been reserved only for recent times. Future years will furnish richer materials; and to the inquirer, who shall resume this subject fifty years after us, it may be permitted to reduce them to historical order; while we must be contented to appreciate those, which are before our eyes, in a moral and poetical respect."

The Slavic literature seems to be indebted for its ballads, chiefly to its women.

"'WHERE a Slavic woman is,' says Schaffarik, 'there is also song.—House and yard, mountain and valley, meadow and forest, garden and vineyard, she fills them all with the sounds of her voice. Often, after a wearisome day spent in heat and sweat, hunger and thirst, she animates, on her way home, the silence of the evening twilight with her melodious songs. What spirit these popular songs breathe, the reader may learn from the collections already published. Without encountering contradiction, we may say, that among no other nation of Europe does natural poetry exist to such an extent, and in such purity, heartiness, and warmth of feeling, as among the Slavi.'"

To this, our author adds a caution against judging of the Slavic ballad with the eyes of western conventionalism, as follows:

"THE reader, for instance, must not expect to find in all the immense treasure of Slavic love-songs, adapted to a variety of situations, a single trace of *romance*, that beautiful blossom of Christianity among the Teutonic races. The love expressed in the Slavic songs is the natural, heartfelt, overpowering sensation of the human breast, in all its different shades of tender affection and glowing sensuality; never elevating, but always natural, always unsophisticated, and much deeper, much purer in the female heart, than in that of man." \* \* \* \*

"The suppleness of Asia and the energy of Europe, the passive fatalism of the Turk and the active religion of the Christian, the revengeful spirit of the oppressed, and the child-like resignation of him who cheerfully submits,—all these seeming contradictions find an expressive organ in Slavic popular poetry."

One of the tenderest ballads in the Russian language, is appropriately introduced by these remarks:

"LOVE, among the Slavi, more than among any other Christian race, seems to be a *dream of youth*. Among unmarried persons of both sexes, free and easy intercourse is kept up. But nothing can favor less a free and lasting affection, than the national mode of contracting marriages.—Among those Slavic nations, who have lived long in connection with the Teutonic races, the national manners have of course partly changed in this respect, as in others; especially among the higher classes. But among the Servians, the old Asiatic custom, according to which a marriage is agreed on by the parents of the parties, often without these knowing each other, is kept up in its fullest extent; and, even among all Slavic nations, strong traces of this custom are still left. Affianced Slavic girls often do not see their intended husbands before the wedding-day. Thus a girl, even in attaching herself to a youth, must early familiarize herself with the thought, that the time may come when she will have to take back



her heart at her parent's bidding. Illegitimate love is rare; and is considered as the highest crime. Of the Russian popular songs, no small portion describe lovers taking leave of each other, because the youth or maid must marry another; in another considerable portion, young married women are represented lamenting their miserable fate. The following popular ballad will afford the reader a characteristic specimen of the whole tenderness of such a Russian parting scene.

"THE FAREWELL.

"Brightly shining sank the waning moon.  
And the sun all beautiful arose;  
Not a falcon floated through the air,  
Strayed a youth along the river's brim.  
Slowly strayed he on and dreamingly,  
Sighing looked unto the garden green,  
Heart all filled with sorrow mused he so:  
'All the little birds are now awake,  
All, embracing with their little wings,  
Greeting, all have sung their morning songs.  
But, alas! that sweetest doveling mine,  
She who was my youth's first dawning love,  
In her chamber slumbers fast and deep.  
Ah! not even her friend is in her dreams;  
Ah! no thought of me bedims her soul,  
While my heart is torn with wildest grief,  
That she comes to meet me here no more.'

"Stepped the maiden from her chamber then;  
Wet, O! wet with tears her lovely face;  
All with sadness dimmed her eyes so clear,  
Feebly drooping hung her snowy arms.  
'T was no arrow that had pierced her heart,  
'T was no adder that had stung her so.  
Weeping, thus the lovely maid began:  
'Fare thee well, beloved, fare thee well,  
Dearest soul, thy father's dearest son!  
I have been betrothed since yesterday;  
Come, to-morrow, troops of wedding-guests;  
To the altar, I, perforce, must go!  
I shall be another's then; and yet  
Thine, thine only, thine alone till death.'"

The translation of this poem is by J. G. Percival.

But the warm hearts of the Slavic women find objects, notwithstanding these customs, on which to lavish their treasures of tenderness. The ties of *family* relationship,

among the Slavi, are regarded as peculiarly holy. Maternal love, in its most earnest form, is fully met by filial reverence.

"In a Servian ballad, a youth wounds his hand. The Vila, a malicious mountain-nymph, offers to cure him. But she exacts a high price,—from his mother, her right hand; from his sister, her hair; and from his wife, her necklace of pearls. The mother willingly gives her right hand, and the sister her hair, but the wife refuses the necklace. The love of a mother is often described by the image of swallows, clinging to their own warm nest; or of tender doves, bereft of their young ones. The rights of a mother are respected with true filial piety, even by the barbarian hero Marko, who never fails to pay his aged mother filial respect."

The marriage customs mentioned above, seem also to have generated a new relation—to have intensified, at least, that of brother and sister, to a degree unknown among western nations.

"MORE remarkable, however, in Slavic popular poetry, is the peculiar relation of the sister to the brother. This remark holds especially good of Servia. Sisters cling to their brothers with a peculiar warmth of feeling. These are their natural protectors, their supporters. They swear by the head of their brothers. To have no brother is a misfortune, almost a disgrace. A mourning female is represented in all Slavic poetry under the constant image of a cuckoo; and the cuckoo, according to the Servian legend, was a sister who had lost her brother. Numerous little songs illustrate the great importance which a Servian girl attaches to the possession of a brother. Those who have none, think even of artificial means for procuring one. This is exhibited in a pretty little ballad, where two sisters, who have no brother, make one out of white and pink silk wound around a stick of box-wood; and, after putting in two brilliant black stones as eyes, two leeches as eyebrows, and two rows of pearls as teeth, put honey in his mouth, and entreat him 'to eat and to speak.' In another ballad, of a more serious description, 'George's young wife' loses at once in battle her husband, her brideman (*paranymphos*, in Servia a female's legitimate friend through life), and her brother. The gradations of the poetess in her description of the widow's mourning are very characteristic, and give no high idea of conjugal attachments in Servia.

"For her husband, she has cut her hair;  
For her brideman, she has torn her face;  
For her brother, she has plucked her eyes out.  
Hair she cut, her hair will grow again;  
Face she tore, her face will heal again;  
But the eyes, they'll never heal again,  
Nor the heart, which bleedeth for the brother.' "

It will be noticed that the Slavic ballads have a measure, or rather, a *movement*, of their own, which is retained as

nearly as possible, in the specimens here given us. Rhyme is not considered essential, though when it occurs the effect is regarded as pleasing.

This little Galician elegy is unequaled in the depth of its peculiar sentiment :

"THE DEAD LOVE.

"WHITE art thou, my maiden,  
Can'st not whiter be !  
Warm my love is, maiden,  
Cannot warmer be !

"But when dead, my maiden,  
White was she still more ;  
And, poor lad, I love her,  
Warmer than before."

The following Servian specimen illustrates the characteristic use of epithets and repetitions :

"PARTING LOVERS.

"To white Buda, to white castled Buda  
Clings the vine-tree, cling the vine-tree branches ;  
Not the vine-tree is it with its branches ;  
No ; it is a pair of faithful lovers.  
From their early youth they were betrothed,  
Now they are compelled to part untimely ;  
One addressed the other at their parting :  
'Go, my dearest soul, and go straight forward,  
Thou wilt find a hedge-surrounded garden,  
Thou wilt find a rose-bush in the garden,  
Pluck a little branch off from the rose-bush,  
Place it on thy heart, within thy bosom ;  
Even as that red rose will be fading,  
Even so, love, will my heart be fading.'  
And the other love this answer gave then :  
'Thou, dear soul, go back a few short paces,  
Thou wilt find, my love, a verdant forest,  
In the forest stands a cooling fountain,  
In the fountain lies a block of marble ;  
On the marble stands a golden goblet,  
In the goblet thou wilt find a snowball.  
Dearest, take that snowball from the goblet,  
Lay it on thy heart within thy bosom ;  
Even as the snowball will be melting,  
Even so, love, will my heart be melting.'"



Another from the same nation indicates quite another style of sentiment as prevailing in the household :

"HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

"COME, companion, let us hurry  
That we may be early home,  
For my mother-in-law is cross.  
Only yestreen she accused me,  
Said that I had beat my husband ;  
When, poor soul, I had not touched him.  
Only bid him wash the dishes,  
And he would not wash the dishes ;  
Threw then at his head the pitcher,  
Knocked a hole in head and pitcher.  
For the head I do not care much ;  
But I care much for the pitcher,  
As I paid for it right dearly ;  
Paid for it with one wild apple,  
Yes, and half a one besides."

In Bohemia, there seems to be a liberality of opinion with regard to one class of business transactions, which must be exceedingly agreeable to those concerned. Such as may have failed to appreciate the English poetical sentiment, that charity is twice blessed—blessing the giver and receiver,—may here find an illustration in point :

"LIBERAL PAY.

"Flowing waters meet each other,  
And the winds, they blow and blow ;  
Sweetheart with her bright blue eyes  
Stands and looks from her windów.

"Do not stand so at the window,  
Rather come before the door ;  
If thou giv'st me two sweet kisses,  
I will give thee ten and more."

We shall finish our selection with a ballad of Upper Lusatia, altogether different in style from any of the others :

"GOOD ADVICE FOR LADS.

"Let him who would married be,  
Look about him and take care,  
That he does not take a wife,

Take a wife ;  
He'll repent it all his life.

" If thou shouldst make up thy mind,  
And shouldst take too young a wife,  
Youthful wife has boiling blood,  
Boiling blood ;  
No one thinks of her much good.

" If thou shouldst make up thy mind,  
And shouldst take too old a wife,  
In the house she'll creep about,  
Creep about ;  
And will frighten people out.

" If thou shouldst make up thy mind,  
And shouldst take a handsome wife,  
Nought but trouble she will give,  
Trouble give ;  
Others' visits she'll receive.

" If thou shouldst make up thy mind,  
And shouldst take too short a wife,  
Lowly thou must stoop to her,  
Stoop to her,  
Wouldst thou whisper in her ear.

" If thou shouldst make up thy mind,  
And shouldst take too tall a wife,  
Ladders thou to her must raise,  
Ladders raise,  
If thou wouldst thy wife embrace.

" If thou shouldst make up thy mind,  
And shouldst take a snarling wife,  
Thou wilt want no dog in the house,  
Dog in the house ;  
Thy wife will be the dog in the house.

" As for poor ones, let them be,  
Nothing they will bring to thee ;  
Every thing will wanting be,  
Wanting be ;  
Not a soul will come to thee.

" If thou shouldst make up thy mind,  
And shouldst take a wealthy wife,

Then with patience thou must bear,  
 Thou must bear,  
 If the breeches she should wear.

“ Pretty, modest, smart, and neat,  
 Good and pious she must be ;  
 If thou weddest such a wife,  
 Such a wife,  
 Thou 'lt not repent it all thy life.”

—The same age which has witnessed the unvailing of Scandinavian Literature from the obscurity which hid its splendors, will see that of Eastern Europe also raised to its legitimate place in the estimation of Christendom. That that place is lower than the one held by the offspring of the Sagas, is undoubted ; still, the existence of poetry so truly such as the fragments just given, can but awaken interest, and incite to research the working poets of the world. This volume is one of the first fruits, and we look to see it followed by a rich harvest.

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III.

THE ARCTIC ARGONAUTS.

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BY VISSCHER MIX.

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FAR Beyond the mystic Thule,  
 Where the heathen seers of eld,  
 Brooding o'er its mythic marvels,  
 Deemed the gods their councils held ;—  
 Where the winds of Winter, warring  
 With a sea as wild as they,  
 Raved perpetual through the darkness  
 Of a night that knew no day ;—  
 Where the boldest Norseman never  
 Dared to point his daring prow ;—  
 By whose shadowy legends, ever,  
 Jarl and sea-king swore his vow ;—  
 Far beyond that wildest region,



Robed in darkness, storm and cold,  
Lie, in frozen silence sleeping,  
Seas undreamed by those of old.

Not like lakes in southern valleys  
Framed with hills of greenest hue,  
Where bright billows murmur music,  
Under skies of changeless blue ;—  
Echoing back the note that hovers  
O'er them from the shepherd's tune,  
Chiming to the voice of lovers  
Borne upon the breeze of June ;—  
Not like these the sullen ocean  
Whose dark waves unceasing roll,  
With a stern and wild commotion,  
Raging round the icy Pole.

Seas in frozen silence sleeping—  
Oceans that perpetual roll—  
These are battling aye with Winter;  
Those acknowledge his control.  
And the stern and hoary tyrant,  
As the season wanes away,  
Binds his fetters fast and faster  
On his ever struggling prey.

From the isle whose shores were wasted  
By the Roman and the Dane,  
Sprung a people born for empire ;—  
Destined o'er the sea to reign.  
Every ocean sees her ensign ;  
Every land has felt her tread ;  
Every city holds her living ;  
Every wilderness, her dead.  
Where the dint of battle deepens,  
There her gallant sons are found ;  
Shall the North, with all its terrors,  
Ever be forbidden ground ?  
Ho ! the trial ! who will peril  
Life and fortune to unfold  
From their shroud of storm and darkness,  
Mysteries which have ne'er been told !

Lo ! the answer ! gallant spirits  
Boldly to the call respond ;  
Prows are turned and eyes are gazing  
Eager, to that dark *Beyond*.

Greater than the sea-king olden—  
Bolder than the pirate Dane—  
Hail to thee, O dauntless FRANKLIN !  
Worthy thine ancestral Thane.  
Scorning ease and all its pleasures—  
Braving love and all its fears—  
Thou wilt solve the dark enigma  
Hidden in the depth of years.  
Tears are shed—farewells are spoken—  
Sails are set and anchors weighed ;  
Now, in distance dimly seeming,  
From our straining sight they fade.

Years are fled like silent moments ;  
Still, no tidings from the North ;  
Tears are bursting from their fountains ;  
Bitter sighs are struggling forth.

Rising from that ice-bound region—  
With all evil omens fraught—  
Darkening every soul with terror—  
Looms a vague and shadowy THOUGHT.  
Looms the fearful Thought in silence ;  
Vails the soul and settles there ;—  
Silence of suspense, more dreadful  
Than the wailing of despair.  
O ! the agony of doubting !  
It were even joy to know  
That our hopes are dead forever,  
Rather than endure this woe !

Are those gallant hearts still beating  
With the pulse of mortal life ?  
Still, with Night, and storm and tempest,  
Do they wage a desperate strife ?  
Prisoned in some Arctic valley,  
Fast by icy mountains walled,—  
Spell-bound in some dark Valhalla,  
Never sung by priest or skald—  
Dreaming of the homes that never  
More shall welcome back the lost,—  
Do they wait some wild enchantment  
To unloose their bonds of frost ?  
As the errant knight of story,  
Pure of heart and strong of arm,  
Kept unceasing vigil ever  
Under Merlin's fearful charm—

Watching, in the lonely valley  
Till the mystic rocks around  
Faded, and the enchanted castle  
He had sought, before him frowned—  
Thus, with courage still enduring,—  
Hope that scorns to ever fail,—  
Do they wait the magic breathing  
Of some tropic-heated gale,  
At whose potent touch, the ramparts,  
Which have held them many a year,  
Trembling to their deep foundations,  
Strait shall melt and disappear ?

Hark ! the voice of nations ! Rising  
From her throne amid the waves,  
England bids her sons, their brethren  
Bring to her, or find their graves.  
Answering o'er the sunset ocean,  
Where her daughter-nations dwell,  
Echo generous words, responding  
To the voice they love so well.  
All the impetuous Norman valor—  
All the fervent Saxon love—  
Swell the mighty English bosom,  
And to deeds of daring move.  
Fleets are manned, again to grapple  
With the perils of the North ;  
And the shouts of anxious millions  
Cheer them on their mission forth.

MEN ! receive the shrift of nations !  
So your souls shall be prepared  
For the peril and enduring  
Which they boldly thus have dared.  
No such fiery zeal hath moved you  
As has bathed a world in blood ;  
But with eyes to heaven directed  
Ye are champions of the Good.  
Darkness hides your mortal future ;  
Danger dwells within your path ;  
Storms will gather fiercely o'er you—  
Seas may, whelm you in their wrath.  
Dying thus, a sweeter anthem  
Shall attend your passing souls  
Than the organ's stately measure  
O'er the dust of warriors rolls.  
Hymns attuned to heavenly music,



From the surging sea shall rise,  
Wafting gently up the spirit,  
Free to seek its native skies.  
Dying thus, a brighter glory  
Than imperial pomp imparts,  
Ever shall invest your story,  
Treasured deep in faithful hearts.  
Or, if living, ye shall conquer  
Storm, and Night, and cold, and fear,  
Bringing back your brother-heroes,  
Or a chaplet for their bier—  
Then, your ears may list the plaudits  
Rendered by a world's acclaim,  
And your living eyes, undazzled,  
Gaze upon your own pure fame!

## IV.

## CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

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BY REV. S. J. MAY.

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I NEVER come to the consideration of the question, how a criminal fellow being should be treated, but the admonition of the apostle Paul presses weightily upon my mind: "*Restore such a one* in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself lest thou also be tempted." Whether the crime itself be the highest or the lowest in human estimation, the offender should be proceeded against, not in the spirit of vengeance, but of compassion. To redeem men from iniquity, to reform the vicious, to save the lost, will be the intention and tendency of any treatment, that true humanity, true Christianity approve. I by no means deny that society may also intend, by its procedure against criminals, to protect itself from the repetition of their offenses, and to deter others from the indulgence of evil passions. But a punishment which has no regard for the welfare of the punished, cannot be in accordance with the precepts and spirit of the Gospel. It must be dictated by a selfish fear, or a blind revenge, which

are, both of them, unchristian passions. The infliction of such punishment cannot now be necessary, if it ever were; and I am fully persuaded that its certain effect is to harm rather than to benefit society. With the advance of civilization, the penal code of all nations has been mitigated with happy results; and the spirit of humanity is demanding a further amelioration. The penalty of death, which used to be inflicted for many crimes, is now denounced against only two or three. And the time, I believe, is not far distant, when it will be wholly abolished, in England, and in the free States of this Republic.

Without further preface, let me now proceed to lay before your readers, as plainly as I may be able, some of the reasons why I think, with a great many, that this change in our penal code ought to be made.

1. Capital punishment should be abolished, because it is cowardly to inflict it. The wretched men, who can be made to suffer it, are already subdued, already in the hands and at the disposal of the State. There is nothing more to be feared from them; and the safety of no one requires their death. If a bloody-minded person were at large, doing harm to all who came in his way, "scattering about him fire-brands, arrows and death;" if he evaded, or successfully resisted all attempts to take him; if the civil power could not get possession of him, so as to restrain him and prevent his depredations upon society—there might be some excuse, some appearance of necessity for the State's sending out its agents, and shooting him down as he fled. But when the poor wretch has been arrested, stripped of his weapons of offense—securely imprisoned—loaded with irons—enfeebled by close confinement and spare diet,—then to take him all helpless as he is, trembling and pale with fear, to take him and deliberately put him to death, O is it not cowardly, is it not mean?—a whole community—a State, so afraid of a single individual—an individual too that is imprisoned, and it may be chained hand and foot, that they dare not let him live! Is not this cowardly? "In countries and in times, in which the construction and discipline of penitentiaries were unknown; among savage tribes, whose modes of life and rude imperfect institutions afforded them no means of self-protection against the repetition of crime, there might have been some excuse for interposing the impassable gulf of the grave between the criminal and themselves. But with us, who have well constructed prisons,

the execution of the criminal can never be necessary as an act of self-defense against the repetition of his crimes."

2. The death penalty ought to be abolished, because the infliction of it ever has been, and ever must be cruel and demoralizing. Is it not cruel, extremely cruel, to take a human being, one who like ourselves can feel so exquisitely physical pain and mental anguish,—one, in whom as in us, the dread of death is instinctive; is it not extremely cruel to take such a one deliberately—tie his hands so that he cannot relieve the agony of his feelings a moment by making some effort to save himself; to take him, and in the full consciousness of what awaits him, bring him slowly (it used to be by the beat of the muffled drum or the tolling of the funeral bell) to the appointed place, and there, after sundry preliminaries, cut off his head, shoot him or hang him; is it not cruel? If this deliberate murder be not cruel, I fain would know what act deserves the epithet? If it be not cruel, why are not humane, kind hearted men willing to be the agents for the infliction of it? If it be a deed, which the highest good of society demands, which Christ has appointed to be done, and God will approve, why were the Ministers of Religion so incensed at the suggestion that it would be an appropriate work for them to do? Surely, if they be the holy men they ought to be, standing nearer to the Most High than common men, it seems most fitting that to them should be committed the solemn office of taking away that life which God only can bestow. But no, I do not believe there ever was an unsophisticated individual, one unperturbed by his theories about the demands of justice, or not blinded by his love of excitement or his thirst for revenge, who could view an execution without feeling that it was cruel. A thrill of horror, a murmur of disapprobation, of disgust, always runs through the throng assembled to witness it, the moment the unmerciful deed is done, and the love of excitement is gratified.

That the sight of such a deed is demoralizing, thousands of facts might be adduced to prove. But there is no need that I stop to argue this point. It is now pretty generally conceded in most of the States of our Union. Executions which used to be enacted in public for the good of the community, have every where been found to be so mischievous in their effects, that they are now generally had in private. This change is based upon a concession, that demands of the commonwealth, the entire abolition of a law, which it would



be deleterious to the people *to see* executed. "Laws which inflict death for murder," said Dr. Franklin, "are in my opinion as unchristian (and therefore as demoralizing), as those which justify or tolerate revenge."

"THE sight  
Of blood to crowds, begets the thirst for more,  
As the first wine cup leads to the long revel."—BYRON.

The infliction of the death penalty teaches directly "too low an estimate of the worth of life; and by hardening the heart, benumbing the finer feelings of the soul, familiarizing men with the thought and sight of man killing, prepares them for the commission of crimes of violence." The executioner is the indirect cause of more murders than he ever avenges. "Sow an execution, and reap a crop of murders," is a proverb whose meaning is as true as it is terrible. "All the arguments," says Mr. O'Sullivan, in his report, "all the arguments of policy and humanity which dictated the abolition of the *public spectacle*, command us to abolish the execution itself."

3. Capital punishment ought to be abolished because it generally falls upon those who have been depraved by the customs and institutions, which *society* maintains. A very large proportion of murderers are found to have been brought up in ignorance;\* to have been driven to desperate courses by oppression, or made insane by intemperance. So long as the State neglects to provide instruction—intellectual and moral culture—for all its children, it should consent to suffer all the evils that may be inflicted by the viciously ignorant—excepting so far as it can avert these evils, by such course of treatment as shall have a beneficent, reforming influence upon those who have been left, if not trained, to commit crime. So long as the State licenses the sale of intoxicating drinks—and men of the highest respectability countenance the use of them by their example—and make themselves rich by the manufacture, importation and retail of the liquid damnation, so long no one should be held to pay the forfeit of his life for any crime he may commit under their maddening influence. We may put him where he may be reformed from the loathsome habit we have allowed, tempted him to contract; but it is the basest injustice in the community, first to mislead an individual to his ruin, and then hurry him out

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\* NEARLY eight thousand men have graduated in Harvard College; of whom one, only, has been convicted of a capital crime.



4. Capital punishment ought to be abolished, because, although it be the highest penalty the law can inflict, it is not denounced against the highest offenses. Death is inflicted upon him who kills, or with violence defiles the body, not upon him who kills or defiles *the soul*. Yet, need I ask which is the greater offense? What parents would not rather see their son, gashed all over with wounds inflicted by the assassin's knife, knowing that he died in innocence—than to see his body bloated, and his countenance covered with the blotches of intemperance—to hear from his lips profaneness and obscenity, and find that his heart has been filled with impurity—his moral and religious principles utterly undermined; *i. e.*, that he has been seduced by bad men and made a libertine or a drunkard? Yet those are tolerated, licensed, in the community, who are working the-soul ruin of the young continually—those who are plotting countless devices to undermine their principles, deprave their appetites and mislead them into courses, which conduct to moral death. Such men are allowed to go at large, nay, are licensed by the State to seek a livelihood by their practices; to accumulate fortunes out of the ruin of their fellow men; and if they succeed, are permitted to move unquestioned among the rich and the fashionable. Now, if we are not afraid to let such men deliberately prosecute *their* work—it is inconsistent, hypocritical, false in us to be afraid of them, who kill *a body*, but after that can do no more.

So, too, the seducer of the confiding female—he who has unsettled her principles, defiled her soul, brought her by his wiles to become the partner of his guilt, he may escape with a paltry fine—but he who in the fury of his appetite, has overcome by brute force the opposition of his victim—has bent her person but not her will to his vile purposes, and so has left her morally unharmed, he, for this less offense, must pay the forfeit of his life.

For another example, we need only recur to the case of the slaveholder and the slave. Society permits, assists the one to seize upon his fellow being; deprive him of all his rights, make a piece of property of him, reduce him to the condition of a chattel, work him as a horse or an ox—whip him, brand him, starve him, sell him, mortgage him, give him away;—but denounces the punishment of death upon the poor, injured, outraged man, if he rises in his madness upon his oppressor, and takes, or attempts to take, his life.

Such glaring inequalities in the administration of the high-



est functions of government, not only render nugatory the infliction of punishment, but tend to bring the institution of civil government into distrust, if not contempt.

5. Capital punishment ought to be abolished, because it is vindictive, not reformatory. If there be any class of our fellow beings, who should excite our deepest commiseration, and call out our best efforts for their relief, they are those who have been hurried by their passions to the commission of crimes, that awaken general horror, and lead the perpetrators of them to be looked at as aliens from the human family, and no longer entitled to the sympathy and forbearance of their brethren. These are fallen men ;—but they are men for all that. There is something in them much better than the horrid passion, which has hurried them to crime. If it were, as it surely was, the great, distinctive work of the Founder of Christianity to seek and to save the lost, it must be the duty of his fellow laborers to seek, and try to save, such as these especially. Let not then the arm of the State interpose to snatch them away from the kindly, Christian influences, which, if brought to bear upon them may, and probably will subdue, change their hearts, and bring them into good fellowship with man again, and into *at-one-ment* with God.

Were we indeed a Christian people, the restoration of the lost would be the work of love, in which our co-operation would be most general, liberal and hearty. Our prisons and penitentiaries would be planned and appointed for the *reformation* of criminals—would be committed to the most humane, the best, the wisest men that could be induced to take charge of them ; and conducted throughout on such principles, and in such a spirit as should tend to soften the hearts of the most obdurate, and bring the vilest sinner back to God and his fellow beings. We should not be so eager to get rid of our erring brothers—to dispose of them summarily, that they may be out of sight and out of mind. But an instance of dreadful crime in a fellow, would at once awaken within us the deepest commiseration for him, as well as abhorrence of his offense ; and rouse us to do all in our power, and incur any expense that might be necessary to restore *our lost brother*.

Taking the life of a criminal, can, of course, have no tendency to *reform* him. It cuts him down, ere there can be any satisfactory evidence of his repentance—ere there can have been time to effect a radical change in his character. Cap-

ital punishment is vindictive ; it is called the *vengeance* of the Law, and justly so. For it seems to do no other good, (if good this can be called) but to gratify the resentment, which the community feels toward one who has disturbed its peace. That this is the spirit which prompts to Capital Punishment, we must infer from the undeniable fact, that people are always the most willing to have those criminals suffer death, whose crimes have outraged their feelings most grossly. In our endeavors to obtain the pardon, or the commutation of the punishment of murderers, we have always found the difficulty of effecting our purposes to be in proportion to the aggravation of their offenses. We had a case exactly in point in this State, but two or three years ago. I refer to that of the wretched Green, who was executed at Troy, for the murder of his wife. The petitions for the commutation of his punishment were set aside at once, on the ground that his crime was a peculiarly hainous one. It undoubtedly was so—peculiarly hainous, so far as we can judge from the outward circumstances of his deed ; but that, so far from being a reason why he should be hurried out of life, is the very reason, of all others, why he should have been kept alive, that by a course of Christian instruction and discipline, he might have been brought into a regenerate state.

6. The death penalty should be abolished, because the State has, and can have, no *adequate authority* to take the life of a human being. It is universally conceded, that we have no right individually to take the life of a man, except in a case of self-defense. Whence then did the government of the State get the right to deprive one of life, in any other case ? The theory, on which our constitutions rest, is that all the powers of the State are derived from the will (expressed or implied) of its constituent members. The individuals who compose the community, it is asserted, transfer to the government such rights and powers, as it is supposed will be better administered by this agent of the body politic than by individuals. But the State has, and can have, rightfully, no power which it did not receive from its constituents. Now these constituents surely could not give to the State, what they did not themselves possess. If then, as is conceded by all, no man has a right (except in the extremest case of self-defense) to kill a fellow man, he cannot transfer to the body politic any right to do this in any other case. "The stream cannot rise higher than the fountain."

Nor, again, did the community derive this power over life

from the concessions made to it by its constituents touching themselves. When we surrendered to the body politic a portion of our rights, to enable us the better to retain the aggregate of them, did we concede our title to life? Did we give, could we have given to society, the right to take our life away under any circumstances, for any cause? No. We did not possess that right ourselves, and therefore could not transfer it. A man may not for any cause kill himself, without sin. He cannot, therefore, delegate to others the right to kill him. Let the crimes that he has committed be what they may; let the terrors of conscience be ever so awful; the inflictions of self-reproach be ever so severe, he may not (without aggravating his guilt) fly from his tormentors, by burying himself in the grave. Though the natural punishment of his sins may seem to him (as it did to Cain) greater than he can bear; though the sun may give him no cheering light, and the earth may look dreary to his eye, and every man he meets may seem to abhor and dread him;—though he may feel himself to be a fugitive and a vagabond—he has no warrant from the Almighty Disposer of life to escape from his sufferings, by rushing unbidden through the gates of death! How then could he have transferred to the body politic authority to do with him, or for him, (let his crime be what it may) that which he had no authority to do with or for himself? He could not give to the community, any more than to an individual, what he did not possess. And if the powers of government are (as they are said to be by all republicans), derived from the governed, whence did the government get the right to kill any of its constituents for any cause whatever? Surely, I repeat, the stream cannot rise higher than its source.

Here I may be told that the right of the State to take the life of the murderer, is derived from the right, which every individual constituent has to defend himself by taking the life of his assailant. In this connection I will concede the premise, that we may come at once to consider the conclusion. I will concede, that if an individual be attacked by another, and can save himself only by killing the other, he may take the life of his assailant. This however will not, by any train of correct reasoning, lead us to the conclusion which the advocates of the death penalty, have attempted to derive from it. For, before society could have the right of the individual, in the case supposed, it must be evident that society is in the same predicament as the individual. But



this will not be pretended, because the criminal, to be executed, must be already in the hands, and entirely at the disposal of the State. Nor by putting him to death, will the State protect the life of the one he has assailed, because that life he has already taken. "It is not till *after* the crime, which no human power can repair, that the State seizes the criminal and puts him to death, for the purpose of making an example of him, and of holding his execution up in view as a terror to others ;—a shocking sort of experimenting on human nature, to kill one man, in order to reform or confirm the virtue of, another, i. e. an attempt to deter from the shedding of human blood, by itself setting the example of the very act it forbids." Now, if this were the probable effect of inflicting capital punishment, I contend that (if our theory of government be correct,) the State could have no authority to inflict such punishment, unless it can be made to appear that the constituents of the State individually, have the right to kill the murderer for the same reason, i. e. *in order to deter others from committing the crime.*

We must, it seems to me in the light of this last argument, either give up our theory of government, our republicanism, and go back in acknowledgment of the claims of the despots of the old world, who assert a divine right to dispose of their subjects as they please, or else we must recognize the inviolability of the life of man, and renounce the right of governments to inflict the penalty of death.

"To shed the blood of our fellow creatures," says Blackstone, one of the greatest writers upon Law and Morals that ever lived, "to shed the blood of our fellow creatures, is a matter that requires the greatest deliberation, and the fullest conviction of our authority ; for life is the immediate gift of God to man ; which neither he can resign, nor can it be taken from him, unless by the command, or the permission of Him who gave it, either expressed or revealed, or collected from the laws of nature or society by clear and indisputable demonstrations." I insist, therefore, in conclusion, that the punishment of death ought to be abolished, because there is no command or permission of God to inflict it, that is now obligatory or in force.

We all know, of course, that Moses, (believed by most Christians to have been the divinely-appointed lawgiver of the Jews), instituted a government, under which the penalty of death was prescribed. But it was prescribed, not for murder, for rape, and treason alone, but for many other

offenses ; some of them, merely ceremonial. There is no one at the present day, I trust, in any part of Christendom, so sanguinary, that he would consent to enforce the penal code of Moses. And yet there is no intimation, anywhere given, that those who acknowledge its present authority, are at liberty to elect the crimes upon which the death penalty shall be inflicted, and abrogate it in reference to others, that may not seem so hainous. If we adopt the penal code of the Jewish lawgiver on account of its divine authority, we are bound to adopt the whole. From this I presume there is no one amongst us, who would not revolt, however strenuous he may be for capital punishment in certain cases. Every consistent man, therefore, will forbear to urge the present authority of the Mosaic law ; for it will require of him more than he will be able to concede.

But we are told there is a commandment given by God in, the Bible, which is not a part of the Mosaic law, and has therefore, not been abrogated by the grace and truth of the Gospel. It is found in the ix. chap. of Genesis, 6th verse, "*Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed.*" On this the advocates of capital punishment mainly rely. It is indeed their chief corner stone. It is a command of the Almighty, they say, which has never been repealed, and therefore is obligatory on us. "All your arguments against the death penalty, however sound and ingenious, are of no avail, for what is man when he replieth against God ? It is the commandment of the Most High ; and all that is left for us to do, is reverently to obey. '*Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.*' In the case of murder at least, it is determined by infinite wisdom, that such shall be the penalty."

If so much reliance be placed upon one short sentence—if such a basis is indeed the main support of such a superstructure, surely the language of this sentence ought to be plain, unequivocal, not admitting fairly of any other construction, more accordant with the merciful, forgiving spirit of the Gospel. But is it so ? By no means ; it is quite otherwise.

The whole force and strength of the passage, as a command, reside in the auxiliary word "shall." But this, all know, is of the same tense as "will," and often used interchangeably with it. "Shall" is not always imperative. It is used frequently in the Scriptures in the sense of "will." "Bloody and deceitful men," says the Psalmist, "shall not

live out half their days." "Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein." "The wicked shall do wickedly." In the very chapter from which this famous passage is taken, we read; "Every living thing that moveth *shall* be meat for you;"—where it is obviously a permission, not a command.

We see then, that if we receive the passage exactly as it stands, in our common version, it by no means *requires* the construction which the advocates of capital punishment put upon it. We may understand it only as a permission—and what we are permitted to do, we are also permitted not to do. It would be left discretionary with us. And in fact, practically this is the only way in which those who claim for human governments the right to inflict death, this is the only way in which they, after all, understand it shall be used. Much as they have said about this passage as a command, the most strenuous of them, I doubt not, would insist that in some cases of murder, the penalty should be remitted—the punishment commuted. If then this liberty may be taken in some cases, according to man's wisdom—may it not be taken in other cases; yes, in all cases—if men shall be brought to see that there are other and better ways of treating the worst criminals, than by putting them out of life?

But as I have intimated, the translators might with equal propriety, have written it: "*will* his blood be shed." There is nothing in the original requiring them to use the word *shall*. And now, if we read the passage with this emendation, what light it throws upon the whole great subject under consideration. "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man *will* his blood be shed." A prediction—a prediction signally fulfilled in all ages of the world—a prediction that we ourselves, all of us perhaps, have seen verified,—that the shedding of man's blood always will have a tendency to awaken the sanguinary passions, and impel men to the shedding of more blood. We see, in the light of all history, and of passing events, that this has been and is signally true. Violence always has, awakened and always will awaken the spirit of violence. The sight of blood seems to infuriate men. Never, till the life of man is held sacred, and the sentiment, that it is inviolable, comes to prevail generally—never until then will the violation of life become rare. The Quakers and Moravians inculcate this sentiment; and I believe there has never been more than one instance of a murder committed by a Quaker or a Moravian. It is not the fear of the gallows, that re-



strains men from the commission of murder, but the sentiment of *respect for life*, instinctive in the human heart. Let that sentiment be fully developed, let it be enlightened, let it be inculcated upon all children with the care and earnestness, which its importance demands, and the lives of all men would be safe in the hands of their fellows; excepting, perhaps, those in whom the light of reason is extinguished.

## V.

## TWO SONNETS.

## LOVE.

SUBLIMEST Passion of the human heart !  
 Chief of the earthly impulses we feel !  
 How little do thy lessons e'er reveal  
 Of wisdom, to the questionings of Art !  
 Like the red element, whose *service* holds  
 The foremost rank among man's agencies,  
 But whose fierce *mastery*, in ruin folds  
 His dearest interest—such, when he defies  
 Thy strength, and curbs thee with a hand of power—  
 Or, yielding to the flame that seathes his soul,  
 Gives to thy tyranny the passing hour,  
 A cowering slave beneath thine iron control—  
 Such is thy service, disciplined aright ;  
 Such, when permitted, thy destructive might.

## JUNE.

A SULTRY night succeeds a sultry day ;  
 No passing breeze disturbs a leaflet now,  
 Nor cools the moisture on the feverish brow ;  
 Not e'en one odor ravished from a flower,  
 Regales the senses, or the soul—for they  
 Alike are prisoned by the silent power  
 That doth oppress with such intensity !  
 All are, as one, by some enchantment bound,  
 And stillness reigns supreme o'er all around.  
 Life seems not life ; and heaven's immensity  
 Appears as if the vivifying Sun  
 Had now forgot his office and doth shine—  
 But to extinguish Nature's spark divine,  
 And show to man, Creation's Work is done !

VI.  
THE PRESIDENT STORIES.

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BY CHARLES ACTON.

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THE end of our Series is at hand. Five Presidents have in turn related their tales of passion, and one has departed forever from their midst, with his history unrevealed, save as it has been done by Clarence Desmond in his own shadowy and mythic narrative. We are now to listen to the Seventh President, and the last.

And then these tales are ended; and it is no unfitting coincidence, that the last should be related in the final number of the periodical for whose pages they were commenced. More than accident or necessity, may be detected, by the eye skilled to discover it, in the circumstance. And this is the case with all the tales whose incidents have at once hidden and revealed the principles they were written to illustrate. Many, blinded by the selfish precedents and usages of the world, have sought the moral in the *incidents* themselves, rather than study the deeper *meaning* they were arranged to clothe. Such will do well to remember that the design has been constantly proclaimed, to teach rather than to amuse; and to so fashion events that those who shall attempt to identify the characters with any known to themselves, will inevitably err, and be misled by an ignorant and stumbling interpretation. Once for all—the incidents given have been such that *none*, with the exception of the author, and each hero, *as far as his own tale is concerned*, can fathom the feelings involved.

And yet it pains us to spoil the interest with which a portion of gossipdom has construed our allegory. Those who have, however, amused themselves by applying our characters to their own acquaintances, may convince themselves, by a few moments of serious reflection; and that the only *truth* they *thus* detect, is their own error.

The Sixth President, as the time drew near for his narrative, deposited in the hands of his neighbor on the right, a manuscript considerably less in size than that with which

Desmond had detained the company, the evening previous, till the small hours of the morning. When his audience became composed to listen, he briefly remarked that he did not purpose to give a history of his life, but would relate an incident in it which of itself would sufficiently tax their patience. It might not be known to the company, he said, that he once came very near being hanged; therefore, he thought the anecdote might interest them. All the experience in affairs of the heart, too, which he had ever had, was interwoven with the adventure; but he must be excused from dwelling upon it, as he had an utter horror of love scenes, and could not interestingly portray them. "Besides," he added, "as I find from your narratives, that you are mostly married or heart-broken men, I imagine that such things must have lost for you their pristine charm. I shall therefore confine myself to incidents of another sort; making a kind of tale, too, in which the hero is in the third person, and no reference made to this confederation or the circumstances which have given birth to these histories. For the reason, too, that the hero is in the third person, I have prevailed on my friend Warwick to read the manuscript for me."

The President ceased, and Warwick read as follows:

## CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

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### A TALE OF THE PRESENT.

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ALL acquainted with the character of a country village, have remarked its proneness to gossip. A large city has so many sources of news—so much to occupy the attention and satiate curiosity—that no ordinary event can make more than a brief impression. The continuous influx and efflux of men, and the abundance of intelligence disseminated through the Press, give little room for any one thing to excite the public mind for a long period.

But your little village is a miniature world, harmonious in all its parts, and revealing to the curious eye all the influences by which the great world is moved. An ordinary event agitates the small world, as an extraordinary one does the large. The marriage of the 'Squire's son, is a circum-



stance of as grave import here, as is that of a Dauphin or a Prince of Wales, to the wise rulers of great kingdoms; a bar-room wrangle as startling to our little community, as is a diplomatic passage between Lord Palmerston and some Russian Premier with an unpronounceable name to all Christendom beside.

It is with such a village as this, that our present history has to do; if, indeed, we may call that history which has not yet become overgrown with the moss and ivy of antiquity, whose function it is to make the false appear venerably true. If any one shall be disposed for an instant to question the veracity of the statements I am about to make, I shall only ask him to change the title to that of a History, of some sort, add to it enough to make a volume, with a liberal expenditure of names and dates, and get it formally printed and packed away in splendid libraries which are never read, for a century or more, (during which time he can either die, and keep watch of it from the spiritual world, or preserve himself in a state of Mesmeric slumber, or a hogshead of wine, or the freezing chamber of the Swedish life-prolonger;) and if, at the expiration of that time, he still refuses credence, I shall be tempted to believe that he knows something of the way in which History is made.

Where this village is located, matters not; it is enough if I give it an existence; let others look to the christening. Yet, as it would be worse than heathenish to send forth my offspring utterly anonymous, I will give a cognomen for the sake of literary morality; assuring the reader, at the same time, that it is fictitious. We will call it Paasdon.

In the little village of Paasdon, then, one Autumn day, there was manifest an interest among the guardians of the public weal, unusual, even for that place. The farmer who had come in great haste to get a shoe replaced on the foot of his best horse, forgot his hurry in listening to the smith whose iron cooled ere he had stricken it thrice—so intent was he upon his tale. The physician paused on his way to a dying patient, to question the man who hastened across his path with the intensity of wonder written on every feature.

The cause of all this excitement, was the sudden, and unaccounted for, and unaccountable disappearance from the village, of Mr. William Parkhurst; a man widely known and highly respected, both on account of his general good character and his wealth; being by far the richest and most

active merchant in Paasdon. He quitted his house for the last time on the afternoon of the 15th of September, about three o'clock, without intimating any intention of leaving the village. It was now the 18th, and no trace of him after that day, could be gained.

We will not dwell on the agony experienced by his family during those three days; it can be easily conceived without description. Early on the morning of the 16th, the neighbors had been alarmed by his wife and children—a young man of eighteen years of age, and a sister two years younger—and incited to a search. In proportion as this proved ineffectual, did it increase in earnestness and the number of its prosecutors, till the whole village became aroused. But it was all in vain. Nothing was discovered which could be made a clue to his fate.

But on the 18th, a strange whisper passed from one to another, producing effects as various as the tempers of the listeners. Most received it with an expression of incredulity and horror; some with blank amazement, a few with seeming pleasure. It was hinted that William Parkhurst had met with foul play; that murder of the deepest dye had been done on him, and that the assassin was still at large, and unconscious of suspicion. Nor did the conjecture end here; it was affirmed that good reason existed for believing the murderer to be no other than his neighbor and rival in business—John Webber.

Suspicion! strange parasite on the goodly tree of humanity! a vice whose roots penetrate into our very virtues, drawing thence its sustenance as does the mistletoe from the oak. Scarcely was the horrible surmise set afloat, than it seemed spread through half the village. If the first knowledge of their townsman's disappearance had excited the good citizens of Paasdon, that excitement, when compared with the one occasioned by this last rumor, was as the zephyr to the hurricane.

Why this odium should attach to John Webber, no man could at first tell, though all were soon willing to give it credence. Sooth to say, he was unpopular; one of those to whom all give the credit of talent and certain virtues, without experiencing anything like friendship. Prejudice often does more in the administering of justice and injustice, than evidence. All, in this case, were prepared to regard Webber as a man who *might* be guilty; were willing to believe him so, if proven, and not disposed to look too closely to the relia-

bility of the proof. Not that any one would deliberately be guilty of a wilful injustice in a case of such serious character ; but, unconsciously to themselves, a bias was given to most minds which, it needed no prophetic eye to see, would make the situation of the suspected, even if innocent, one of imminent peril.

The origin of the suspicion was not at first known ; it was said that Parkhurst and Webber had been seen together about four o'clock, on the day of the former's disappearance, and seemingly engaged in a conversation of no amicable nature. It was known that there had been for sometime pending, a suit at law between the two, which had given rise to a good deal of acrimony on the part of each ; particularly Parkhurst, who was generally considered the injured party, and whose temper, naturally warm, and excited by the supposed injustice done him, had frequently burst forth in language of considerable violence. Such was said to have been the case in this instance ; Parkhurst had permitted himself to indulge in severe censure of the other's conduct, and this might have worked on the vindictive temper of Webber to the extent indicated by the supposed catastrophe.

It was known, too, that Webber's head clerk, Jasper Hayden, had hinted vaguely at something much more definite than this. Once, in a conversation, he had said that John Webber knew more than he would like to have known ; then, stopping suddenly, he lapsed into a gloomy silence and soon left the company. It was noticed, too, that he watched his employer with singular care, especially when anything was said relating to the disappearance. And finally, on the afternoon of the 18th, he had gone voluntarily before the resident justice, and given evidence which, though not yet made public, had resulted in the prompt arrest of John Webber, for the murder of William Parkhurst. The officers of justice were also dispatched to the premises of the accused, for the purpose of discovering, if possible, anything which should cast light upon the mysterious occurrence.

The first place visited, was his store ; a building situated on the bank of the canal, and used also for the purpose of storage and forwarding. Most naturally, the lower part of the building—the one used for the last mentioned business—was first visited ; and their search produced results far beyond any expectation. Carefully stowed away beneath a variety of bales and other property, was found a box of such



appearance as led at once to its examination. This was done in the presence of several of the most prominent citizens of the place. On removing the lid, a skeleton was disclosed, perfect in all its parts except the skull, which was entirely wanting. The bones were separate and distinct, and bore evidence of having been recently freed from the muscles and other matter of the body.

Then came the Coroner's inquest. On this, of course, hung, in great measure, the fate of the suspected Webber. The excitement became so tremendous, that the investigations of this body were like to prove of little avail if publicly conducted. It was decided, therefore, that this should not be the case, and the inquest was held in private.

As the details of this inquiry were not given to the public till the time of the trial, I will not state them here; only remarking that the examination was apparently fair and thorough. Skillful physicians were summoned to inspect the remains, and the family of Parkhurst called upon to testify whether or not they believed them to be those of the missing husband and father. In point of size and general contour, the skeleton was very similar to what Parkhurst's must have been, as nearly as could be judged in absence of the skull. There was certainly no evidence to prove that it was *not* his.

The jury brought in a verdict that the bones were the remains of William Parkhurst, who was wilfully murdered, on the afternoon of the 15th of September, by John Webber.

When first arrested, Webber manifested something of astonishment, but more of dismay. He seemed overwhelmed with the weight of the accusation, and there were not wanting scores to detect unquestionable evidences of guilt in his agitated bearing. He scarcely had power to deny the charge; a circumstance generally attributed to the upbraidings of conscience. His general unpopularity in the community—his unprepossessing manners, and utter prostration under the calamity—were all evidence of guilt with the indiscriminating public, by whom he was tried and condemned long before the ordinary processes for a legal trial were half completed.

Meantime, Hayden had been most active in his efforts to detect every evidence which should tell on the case. Under his guidance, each nook and corner of Webber's house had been searched for corroborating testimony, and, it was said, with the most important results. After he had once made

up his mind to denounce his employer, it seemed that he determined to prosecute the work in hand, however painful the task, with all his energy. Whatever discoveries were made, however, the authorities concealed carefully from the public, that they might, when exhibited in court, influence for the first time, and justly, the minds of the jury and society at large.

As soon as the first effect was over, Webber seemed to arouse from the dejection which had overcome him, and prepared to defend himself. He did not lack for pecuniary means to employ counsel, and declared himself able to explain every circumstance which seemed to implicate him in guilt. But so general was the feeling against him—so thorough the conviction in the public mind that he was the real murderer—so intense the horror with which he was regarded—that it was with no small trouble that he secured a legal advocate. Not one in his native town would undertake the case; and when, finally, he secured two from abroad, they were scarcely men with whom any one would care to risk his life, under such fearful odds as were now to be encountered.

Still, they addressed themselves to the work with considerable promptness. Means were taken to advertise the circumstances in the newspapers throughout the Union, in order that Parkhurst, if by any possibility yet living, might return, or his murderers, if there were such, give some clue which would free the innocent from the injurious charge hanging over him. A notice was also largely circulated, in which the person who, on the evening of the 17th of September, left a box at the store-house of John Webber, was adjured to appear and give testimony to the fact, as it was one involving a human life. The public read these things, but were not to be duped by so plain an artifice; they only marveled at the audacity which should seek to impose on intelligent men by so barefaced a fraud.

The family of Parkhurst, too, shared, to the utmost, the general conviction of Webber's guilt. They had even better reasons than the public, besides the deeper prejudice which had grown out of the inharmonious business relations before mentioned. All the efforts, therefore, which their wealth and zeal could add to the duties of the State, were brought in requisition against the accused. One member of the family, however, seemed an exception. This was a brother of Parkhurst; a man highly respected by all, and remarka-

ble for the originality and eccentricity of his views. He was absent at the time of his brother's disappearance, and did not return till after the rendering of the verdict of the inquest. As the two brothers had always been noted for their mutual affection, it created some surprise that Henry Parkhurst should not manifest more zeal in the prosecution of the trial. He had inquired a great deal, but said very little; contenting himself with mastering the facts within his reach, and avoiding all remark which could influence public opinion. Nevertheless, he had not scrupled to say that he believed the remains found in Webber's storehouse to be those of his brother William. The absence of the skull was considered a circumstance rather unfavorable to the prisoner than otherwise; that being the portion, it was supposed, which would be most easily recognized, and which he would, therefore, be most likely to put beyond any reach. *How* he had done this, was indeed a mystery; for the most patient and critical search had failed to bring to light anything concerning it.

As the time of trial approached, the interest of the public continued, if possible, to increase. Evidence was supposed to be in possession of the State, which would establish the guilt of the accused beyond the shadow of a doubt. There were not wanting, too, officious demagogues, whose clamors for impartial justice added a good deal to the excitement already existing. It was said that Webber was rich, and that no rich man could be condemned, even on positive proof. It was claimed that his friends were influential, and that their influence was likely to be felt in the court. These representations were not altogether false in fact, though they were entirely so in effect; for Parkhurst was a man of far more wealth than Webber, possessing many times as many influential friends; friends, too, who were deeply moved by his supposed murder, and would spare no pains to convict the assassin. Webber's friends, on the contrary, with the almost only exception of his nearest relatives, among which were a wife and daughter, were themselves half doubtful of his innocence.

With the day set for the trial, came the largest crowd which had ever been known to congregate in Paasdon.—The judge was a man renowned for ability and integrity, and the excited friends of Parkhurst half feared that he might allow his rigid views of justice to interfere with what they regarded as such. But the counsel for the prosecution



were among the most able in the State, and so strong was the public feeling in their favor, that they entertained but little doubt of the conviction of the murderer.

It is by no means my purpose to detail the processes of the criminal law ; I have only a few facts to tell, and shall do it as briefly as possible. The details of the trial I shall mostly omit, and give but the points of evidence and the general results.

The opening of the District Attorney was exceedingly able, though so apparently candid as to lead some to fear that he was in truth leaning to the side of the accused. But this idle apprehension was shared but by a few, and was quickly dispelled. When his statement of what it was the intention of the State to prove, and the means of proof on which they relied, was concluded, it seemed really as though the prisoner ought at once, even as a matter of policy, to plead to his guilt, and throw himself on the clemency of the Executive. But, on the contrary, he sat calm and attentive, betraying only by an occasional uneasiness of glances, his deep interest in the proceedings.

The trial went on. It was proven, on the part of the prosecution, that there had been, for some time, a state of feeling existing between the accused and the deceased, (for no doubt was now entertained of Parkhurst's death,) which would lead them to regard each other almost in the light of personal foes ; that they had met on the afternoon of the 15th of September, and indulged in recriminations of unusually violent character. The denunciations, it is true, were mostly on the part of Parkhurst, who seemed feverish and excited, while Webber, in general, controlled himself with a caution so marked as to attract the attention of those who listened to the dispute—two townsmen who were present, and in the shop of one of whom, a joiner, by trade, it occurred. Presently, Parkhurst grew cooler, and Webber invited him over to his own office, adding something in a tone not heard by the witnesses, but which was listened to eagerly by the other, and which had the effect to induce his compliance. They left in company, and were seen by the same persons, to enter Webber's store. At this stage of proceeding, the conviction was general in the minds of the audience, that the murder, if committed, was deliberately wilful ; the coolness of Webber being assumed for effect, and the invitation to Parkhurst having been given with a design of mischief.

The chain of evidence was continued by Jasper Hayden. His appearance on the stand was greeted by a universal murmur of approbation; the belief being general that his testimony was the most important of the whole, and was given with great reluctance, as being the means of consigning to the gallows an employer with whom he had been engaged for many years, and who had ever been to him a kind master. This sympathy was much strengthened by the paleness of his features, and the general air of unhappiness which he could not conceal. In fact, many had wondered how he could go through the difficult part which duty called him to act; but these found a clue in the fact that he had been suspected of cherishing an attachment for Emily Parkhurst, the daughter of the deceased, though she had never encouraged his suit. Whether the hope of eventually melting the maiden's heart by the zeal he manifested in bringing to light the guilt of her father's murderer, influenced the action of Jasper Hayden, was a question which the newsmongers of Paasdon did not fail to discuss.

The office of Webber, it appears, communicated with his store, and also with the lower room, where he conducted his forwarding business. In this office, about half past three o'clock on the afternoon mentioned, Hayden remembered seeing Parkhurst and Webber. He noticed the former as looking flushed and excited, while Webber was cool, and seemed desirous of pacifying the other's feelings. On Hayden's entering the office, Webber asked him sharply to leave them alone; and an instant after, calling him back, inquired whether he would not like a holiday; bidding him, if he chose, take his rifle and shoot some game for breakfast.—Hayden, always an ardent sportsman, did as he was bid, locking the store and proceeding to the woods.

But before his departure, he overheard a few words from the office, which, although they made little impression at the time, yet occurred to him afterward with great force. In the course of a discussion, apparently without much heat, he heard one of the voices raised, and the words pronounced,

"I will take your life, sooner."

At the time, it was his impression that the voice was that of Parkhurst, and even now, he could not say that it was not. But the deliberate tone corresponded more with that which Webber had observed throughout. This was just as he was passing out from the building, and so much was his mind occupied at the time with other thoughts, that the language

would probably never have been remembered but for the circumstances which had succeeded.

No man had seen Parkhurst leave that building.

Then followed the evidence on the remains, which it is not important to detail. No doubt was felt as to their being those of the deceased. The fact of their being found in Webber's storehouse, was itself one most damning in its character. But the weightiest corroborative proof yet remained, and a silence like that of death, reigned in the room as Mrs. Parkhurst took the stand.

The unfortunate woman was evidently prepared for the duty she had to perform, yet she preserved her self-command only by a violent effort.

"Madam," said the prosecuting attorney, extending a roll of bank notes, "can you identify these?"

The widow brushed away the tears that instantly blinded her eyes, and replied, in a voice tremulous with emotion,

"I can."

"Will you state where you saw them last previous to the 15th of September?"

"In my own house. They are bills which were placed in my hands by my late husband, for a particular purpose, but never used. I noticed them closely, even to the dates, as I was quite unused to keeping so much money, and I feared that I might lose it. On the evening of the 14th of September, I returned them to Mr. Parkhurst, as he expected to have use, on the following day, for a large amount."

"Can you swear positively that these are the same bills?"

"I can."—And she proceeded to mention the features of the five bills, each of the value of twenty dollars, by which she was enabled to know them.

"These," said the counsel, after she had concluded, "were found in the safe of Webber, on the morning of the 19th of September." In support of which statement he adduced the evidence of the officers who had found them.

The testimony of Hayden had created a sensation, and the appearance of the widow, one still more profound; but this excelled all. It was a new item, and one entirely unsuspected. The only query seemed now to be how Webber could avoid, out of very consciousness, hiding his face in shame, and confessing his guilt.

The business attorney of the deceased was next called, and testified, in like manner, to a document found at the same



time, in the same place. It was the one which had caused the litigation spoken of, and the loss of which would inevitably cause the defeat of Parkhurst. It seemed in fact, that the accused had made good use of his opportunities; the design to murder his old enemy became more apparent, from these evidences of his having plundered him afterward.

This is about the amount of the testimony, for the prosecution. That for the defense, alas! was miserably meager. No testimony could be adduced to show that Parkhurst had ever quitted that fatal office alive—that Webber had come lawfully into possession of the money and document mentioned—that the remains found were not those of the deceased—that they were placed in Webber's storehouse by any but himself. The witnesses for the State had testified with a clearness and directness that left nothing to be gained by cross-examination; and indeed, it was hardly possible for such a process to take place efficiently, under the intolerable gaze of the public and the court, all penetrated with a conviction of the prisoner's enormous guilt, and seemingly anxious to frown down any attempt at exculpation.

The main defense, indeed, was in the plea itself. The senior counsel had taken the story of Webber, as it came from his own lips, and clothed it with considerable skill in a fit garb for rehearsal. Under circumstances a great deal less damning, it might have produced some effect; here, it was as a feather against the whirlwind.

The accused denied positively that he had any knowledge of the contents of the box found in his possession, previous to its examination by the officers of justice. It was left with him on the evening of the 17th of September, by a stranger, to remain till called for.

He admitted that Parkhurst went with him to his office at the time specified, to transact business; that he appeared excited and ill, and that, wishing, for good reasons, to amicably adjust the difficulty so long existing between them, he had taken a course calculated to pacify him. He was intending about the 20th to pay a large amount of money, and wished, if possible, to borrow a portion of Parkhurst. Finally, he offered to settle the old matter on the other's terms, if he would lend him the sum desired. This Parkhurst was willing to do, but hesitated about taking simply a note of hand as security. Webber never mortgaged his real estate, for any purpose; but he had a Life Insurance, the policy of which Parkhurst was willing to take as secu-

rity. It was to this instrument that the mysterious words applied which had been heard by Hayden, and they were, as he had supposed, spoken by Parkhurst. But the latter finally accepted the note of hand, and gave up the document found in the safe; paying him, at the same time, a sum of money, among which were the bills identified by Mrs. Parkhurst. He then departed, through the back way, and Webber had never since seen him.

The counsel dwelt, too, on the absurdity of so shrewd a man as the accused was known to be, perpetrating under such circumstances, a crime so sure of detection, and taking no better measures to conceal it. Would he be likely to ask him into his office, in broad day-light, and in presence of witnesses, for such a purpose? a time and place, of all others, so unfit for such a deed? And having done it, would he place in the very spot where they must be found, if searched for, the plundered property and denuded bones? And, still more absurd, what opportunity, if he possessed the skill, had the accused to dispose of the body in the way this prosecution assumed it had been disposed of.

The principal testimony of the defense, only proved that Webber had passed every hour of the days succeeding the 15th, till his arrest, either in his office or at home; that his evenings, including that of the day mentioned, were spent with his family, and that he had retired to bed each night at the usual hour. The obligation he was to pay on the 20th, was also proven.

All this produced little effect. It was a very skillful story, the District Attorney said, in his plea, worthy its author, and told with the eloquent earnestness which distinguished his friend for the defense. But rhetoric could not cope with fact. The idea of Parkhurst lending money on that day—money which he had been obliged to reclaim from his wife for another purpose—was, however, a flimsy affair—too preposterous for a moment's serious thought. And yet it was on this that the only material circumstance of the story of the accused depended for foundation.

He then proceeded to depict the horrors of the crime—the wretchedness of the agonized family, robbed by the hand of violence, and from the most despicable and mercenary motives, of their husband and father. He wrought up the sympathies of the jury and audience till it almost seemed as though they were ready to overstep the bounds of law and execute summary justice upon the terrified prisoner, who

sat, seemingly, half in expectation of such a result. The whole court and audience had become, during the progress of the trial, more and more prejudiced against the prisoner. His looks and manners, aside from any evidence of guilt, would have hung him, as has been done to many an innocent man.

The charge of the judge was able and impartial, but bore heavily upon the accused. The chain of evidence was so complete, that only one view of the question could be derived from the testimony, and that view could not fail to ensure the prisoner's conviction.

The trial ended, and the jury retired, for form's sake, and in three minutes returned. The verdict, of course, was "GUILTY."

As the word left the lips of the foreman, Henry Parkhurst rose from his seat, advanced till he stood by the side of the prisoner, and looking the Judge full in the eye, said in a stern voice which caused every heart to leap in mingled terror and surprise,

"He is *not* guilty!"

Had the dead man himself stood before them, that audience would have been scarcely more amazed. The Judge half rose from his seat, while through the house ran a murmur like that which precedes the coming tempest. The prisoner stood upright, and seemed half disposed to walk forth to his home. Had he made the attempt, I question whether a hand would have been raised to prevent him.

After a few moments of confusion, during which Parkhurst stood rigid and silent, order was restored, and the Judge demanded of him the cause of his strange conduct, and why, if he had testimony to offer, he had not offered it before.

"My reasons are sufficient," was the reply, "and known to more than myself. They shall be given in proper time. Meanwhile, I charge the officers of the law to arrest the real murderer."

And he stepped two paces and laid his hand on the shoulder of JASPER HAYDEN.

Above the wild confusion that followed this act, rose the shrill shriek of a female voice, and Emily Parkhurst was borne from the room insensible.

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The time is a few weeks later than when we were before in the court-room of Paasdon; the place the same. The form of trial had again been gone through with John Webber,



and the results were vastly different. The substance of the evidence now given in his behalf, is contained in the statement of Henry Parkhurst, which we will briefly relate.

On the afternoon of the 15th of September, in company with a neighbor named Williams, he had left home to visit some property in another section of the State. They left the village on foot, about five o'clock, for the railroad station, where they were to take the cars at six.

"We had proceeded about half way," said Mr. Parkhurst in his narrative, "when a turn in the road brought us in view of a field owned by my brother, and which had recently been sown with wheat. This field is adjoining a piece of woods—the one which we had been passing, and around a corner of which we had just turned. At the same instant, we noticed a man among the trees, preparing to take aim with a rifle at some object at about his own height from the ground. That man we both recognized as Jasper Hayden. As he did not observe us, nothing was said, though I endeavored to discover the object of his aim.

"A moment afterward, I saw my brother standing in the wheat-field mentioned, quite near the fence, and apparently watching Hayden. As he was some rods from the road, and his face only partially toward us, I could not discern its expression, but did not doubt that they were trying a jest; the one standing as a target and the other seeming to aim at him, as a test for their nerves. Knowing both to be experienced and enthusiastic sportsmen, I thought no more of it. We quickened our pace, and had just descended into a steep hollow, after an interval of perhaps one or two minutes, when we heard the report of the rifle. From our position, however, we could see nothing, except that a nest of crows had been startled into flight; and on rising from the valley, after some minutes noticed only that my brother had disappeared. Supposing that Hayden had shot at a bird or squirrel, and that the two had passed on together, we thought no more of the circumstance, but continued our course and conversation.

"We returned to Paasdon on the 19th, just after the rendering of the verdict of the inquest. The first intimation of my brother's fate reached Mr. Williams and myself while we were yet together, and brought to both our minds, at the same instant, the incident I have related. But the inquest was held, and the burden of the guilt unhesitatingly thrown on another. It behove us, then, to examine closely into the

matter before doing or saying what might embarrass the course of justice.

"After the first shock, we consulted on our wisest course, and resolved to learn everything but say nothing. We expected, however, three citizens of known firmness and integrity, to whom we related the occurrence, and who went with us to the spot mentioned. Fortunately, it had not yet rained, and every impression made on the soft ground was distinctly visible.

"There were prints of irregular foot-steps, evidently made by two different men. These have been recognized, by their shoemakers, to be those of my brother and Hayden."

We give thus much of the narrative, as bearing directly upon the case of Webber. In addition to this testimony—which in itself exculpated the accused, by establishing the fact that the deceased was seen so long after the time *when* it was charged that the murder was done, and so far from the place *where*, and the proven presence of the person by *whom*, it was supposed to have been committed. Mr. Williams was enabled to testify that he passed the window of Webber's office at least three times between the hours of half past four and five, and each time noticed him writing at his desk.

If the public had before been guilty of the grossest injustice, they were ready now to rush into the opposite extreme. All their hatred was transferred to Hayden, whose Satanic arts had so completely duped them; and when the verdict of "*Not Guilty*" greeted the ears of Webber, he was torn from the prisoner's box and born out on the shoulders of the crowd amidst the most rapturous acclamations.

And now the trial of Hayden was to come on immediately. The cheated justice of the country was aroused, and must be satisfied with a victim. The matter of trial, of course, was only a form, necessary to be gone through before killing the guilty man, simply to preserve inviolate the integrity of the law. The case, indeed, did not admit of a doubt. It was all plain, now; so plain that all wondered at their blindness in not seeing the truth before. The causes of Hayden's course, to be sure, were not quite clear; it might be that he considered Parkhurst as opposed to his suit to his daughter, and fancied that if he were away, and she her own mistress, he should meet with the encouragement before denied him. Indeed, since his accusation by Henry Parkhurst, she had plainly evidenced for him an affection which she had before

kept studiously concealed, even from himself. Some charitable souls even had the grace to insinuate that Emily Parkhurst—so vehemently did she deny all belief in his guilt—was leagued with him in the deed. At all events, it was plain that her father's death made her mistress of a handsome fortune, as Hayden very well *knew it would do*.

Others imagined other causes, but all agreed that he had played his part cunningly. Yet how clear were now the different links in the chain of evidence! He it was who had placed the bank-notes and that unhappy document in his employer's safe, to which, of course, he had free access; thus forcing the miserable Webber to invent the queer tale he told, in self-defense; he it was who had, with devilish art, prepared the remains, and procured their storage in Webber's room! It was no wonder, now, that he was one of the foremost in the search; that he had become pale and thin, with all this weight of crime pressing heavily upon him.

But we detain the reader from the trial. Here, we shall be very brief; but having accompanied the wretched man thus far, we must yet leave him.

Curiously enough, the present accused was defended by the very counsel who had been employed by Webber. On the strange issue of the first case these men seemed to have lost half their awe of public opinion, and prepared for their duty with the most edifying composure.

But their efforts were as vain here as they had been in the other instance. The testimony was too overwhelming. In addition to the narrative of Henry Parkhurst, as far as we have given it, was some other, of most important character. Hayden's person and private room were searched immediately after his arrest; on the former was found a pocket-knife recognized by a dozen witnesses as having belonged to the deceased; in the latter, a pair of pantaloons of singular color, which Webber and his family knew Hayden to have worn on that day, (a circumstance he admitted) and which were deeply stained with blood. It was recollected, too, that he had manifested a slight lameness, on returning home that night, and bore on his forehead the evidence of a recent bruise; circumstances which went strongly to prove that he had been engaged in a struggle of some sort, and which no one now doubted to have taken place at the time he completed the awful deed.

The accused partially plead his own cause, and that with the earnestness given either by an intense fear of death, or a



consciousness of innocence. He admitted that he was at the place mentioned by Parkhurst, at the time and under the circumstances named; that his attention was arrested by a fine deer, whose antlers were only visible among an undergrowth of low trees, and that he shot at him. The smoke of his rifle for an instant blinded his eyes, but he fancied that the animal gave a quick spring, and fell. Running toward the spot, his foot caught, and he fell; thus producing the contusion noticed, and severely laming one knee; so much so, that, for some moments, he was unable to walk. On arriving at the place, he imagined that the animal had leaped the fence which divided the woods from the wheat field. This belief was strengthened on finding the grass, close by the fence, stained with fresh blood. But, though the mellow earth adjacent showed prints of human feet, nothing like deer tracks could be discovered. In searching for these, his clothes became besmeared with the blood; and it was here, too, that he found the knife since said to belong to the deceased. Of its ownership, he had never had the slightest suspicion.

The strongest point in the rebutting testimony, was the evidence of Webber, who was obliged to repeat, on oath, the statement he had made of the manner in which the money and document obtained from Parkhurst, came into his possession. But many believed this a fiction; believed that Webber, foreseeing, on his trial, that the circumstance, if unexplained, would tell tremendously against him, had invented the tale, and now felt obliged to adhere to it.—Others, including the court, were content to admit the evidence as true, but as explaining a circumstance in reality immaterial.

The audience and the court did the prisoner the honor to listen quite patiently to what was understood to be a very prosy fiction, woven from meager material. The formalities were gone through with the usual decorum; the judge charged the jury to find a verdict of guilty, which they unhesitatingly did. The prisoner received the announcement as might be expected of one so loaded with a consciousness of guilt and the abhorrence of his fellow-men, and perhaps of the one whose good opinion was more to him than that of all the world beside; he covered his face with his hands, and sank with a groan into his seat. Even the judge was sensibly affected by his strong agony; but soon aroused himself to pronounce the sentence.

If there had been any lingering doubt of the prisoner's guilt, it would have vanished when he replied to the question whether he could say aught why sentence of law should not be pronounced on him, by a simple sign of negation.—However, he rose with considerable firmness, and listened to it with a manliness of bearing which would have commanded admiration, had it not been known to be the offspring of hardened guilt.

As the last words tremulously fell from the lips of the judge, a man who had been seated near the bar, arose, and dropping the cloak that had muffled his form and features, revealed to the terrified and incredulous audience the countenance of WILLIAM PARKHURST! Pale, and haggard, indeed, it was, but unmistakable in every line.

I shall not attempt to record the immediate results of this appearance. Half a score of ladies swooned dead away—some in fear, believing it to be a spirit—some for joy—some because it was a good opportunity. The stoutest men looked white with terror and surprise, and tears gushed forth from hard eyes, like rain. But this second miracle produced an effect too deep for enthusiasm; instead of bearing off Hayden in triumph, as they had Webber, all were silent and aghast, gliding away, one by one, after Parkhurst had told his tale, stealthily to their homes or wonted haunts.

All the testimony of both trials had been strictly true.—Parkhurst, after his settlement with Webber, had taken his way, under the influence of a racking headache, to the field where he was last seen. Observing Hayden, through the trees, in the act of taking aim, he paused to see the result. Simultaneously with the report, a deer, before unseen by him, sprang over the low fence, and fell beside him, on the grass, severely wounded; but rising instantly, again, plunged into the copse-wood and fled. Not doubting that the wound was mortal, Parkhurst, on impulse, gave chase, probably dropping from his hand the knife which Hayden found. The chase, however, proved a serious one; and Parkhurst finally fell to the ground, insensible.

In this condition he was found by a company of Indians who had been on a trading excursion, and who, ignorant of his residence, and the causes of his insensibility, took him to their village. Here he was treated with the greatest care, but was delirious for weeks, barely regaining his reason without yielding life itself. His recovery was also slow, and it was a long time before he could stand upon his feet.

But at length he gained sufficient strength to attempt a return home.

Of course, he was all this time ignorant of the fearful jeopardy in which his disappearance had involved Webber and Hayden. But at a house where he stopped for a drink of water, he heard the story we have so rudely told, and became aware of the dreadful fate which was impending over the latter. Several of his Indian friends were with him, anxious, at the same time, to witness the rejoicing of his kindred, and to sell their wares. They were readily induced to hasten the speed of their horses, and came thundering into Paasdon just at the close of the trial.

On the way, Parkhurst had reflected. The crowd about the court-house convinced him that the trial was not yet over, and that Hayden's life was safe. He therefore resolved to delay his announcement till he should have witnessed the singular issue. It was about dusk, just before the lighting of the candles; and he found no difficulty, enveloped as he was in the ample cloak borrowed for his return, in working his way unrecognized through the crowd (many of whom were strangers to his person, from other neighborhoods,) and gaining his seat.

The next month there was a wedding; Jasper Hayden married Emily Parkhurst, one fine afternoon, with Edward Parkhurst, the brother of the bride, and Mary Webber, the daughter of Hayden's employer, for groomsman and bridesmaid. It was more than whispered that the seconds were soon to become themselves principals in a similar ceremony.

—And the next spring, a medical-looking stranger called one day on Webber to reclaim a box left in his care six months before. He received, instead, a history of the mischief that box had done, and permission to exhume the bones from the grave-yard where they had been interred, *if he could prove that no murder had been committed.*

His tale was this. A physician of some note, he had accepted an invitation to deliver a course of medical lectures before a western college, and, just as he was prepared to leave for his new field, had purchased the skeleton in question. On account of its general excellence, and a singular conformation of skull, it was greatly coveted by several rival physicians; and he had only succeeded by an ingenious *ruse*, in securing it. But not wishing to take all the bones with him, and being in haste, he retained the skull, the part he most valued, and determined to leave the remainder in some ob-



scure spot, where no one would suspect them of being concealed. The story of Parkhurst had faintly reached the place where his winter had been spent, but not in such a way as to excite a suspicion that it had any connection with his skeleton.

I have no more to say, except that my story ends as it commenced, with a moral whose significance is contained in the two words—CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

—As Warwick laid aside the manuscript, Justin de L'Orme, the President of the evening, and the Jasper Hayden of the story, rose, with a smile of satisfaction, and dissolved the sitting.

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VII.

AURORA AT SUNSET.

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AURORA and the sunset! union strange!  
 Sweet incongruity, yet true as sweet!  
 As though the fixed laws of Time could change,  
 And morn and eve in fond embraces meet.  
 Not so, in verity; the golden feet  
 Of summer hours have borne us gayly on,  
 Amidst a scene with loveliness replete,  
 Until we are advised that day is gone,  
 By brilliant visions, such as erewhile shone  
 At shut of day, in Tempe's classic vale  
 Graces and muses and sweet nymphs upon.  
 This is Aurora!—Words must ever fail  
 In utter impotence, thy wealth to tell  
 Of water, fruitage, trees and flowers that in thee dwell.

JUNE 25th, 1850.

## VIII.

## REVELATIONS OF MYSTERIES.

THIS world is full of mystery. Invisible agencies surround man from the cradle to the grave, which, in a great measure, control his actions, and determine his individuality. Every thing for which we cannot account, every effect which we cannot trace to a legitimate cause, is a mystery; and hence, the more ignorant the age or the individual, the more these mysteries abound, and the more superstition preys upon the souls of men. When mind becomes fully developed, when men can clearly see all that maturity of intellect and absence of passion of an earthly nature, will permit them, then mystery will disappear, and every thing in the economy of the laws of God be clearly understood. In the old barbarous ages, the most common operations of nature assumed mysterious forms, and simple planetary changes occasioned terror and consternation. The first steps in science were bitterly opposed, and the promulgators of new doctrines were persecuted because they disturbed the mysteries which successive ages had sanctified. Even in our own day we have heard grave divines denouncing Geology and kindred sciences, as emanating from the devil, because they had a tendency to disturb ancient and venerable mysteries, and did not, in their fancy, agree to the letter, with the *only* source of truth which they recognize—the Bible. The investigation goes on, however, amidst all discouragements, and the heresy of to-day becomes the sure test of the orthodoxy of to-morrow. So great has been the advance in the field of physical science that new phenomena, instead of producing terror, give an additional impulse to the enquiring mind, which will not stop in its progressive march until *all* the laws of the Universe are unfolded. Men of candor and intelligence now regard demonstrated science as an infallible test of the truthfulness of all human records; and any *interpretation* of any work claiming to be the Word of God, which is opposed to His laws unfolded by science, is discarded, notwithstanding the sacredness of time-honored belief.

But while *matter* is thus in the process of development, while no mind confesses to any barrier which of necessity

must impede investigation in this field of research, the laws of the immaterial world are but little better understood than they were centuries ago; or the very existence of such a world is denied. Men, whose tendencies are all downward, or who are composed of mere earthy materials, openly denounce the belief in the existence of spirits, as superstition, or so faintly believe it as never to effect their daily practice.

The perfection of physical science has at length turned the attention of men toward the development of the laws of mind. The dogmas of the self-styled Intellectual Philosophers, have been thoroughly investigated and cast aside as worthless. Materialism in all its phases from its most modern exposition back through Locke to Epicurus and Aristotle, has been "weighed in the balance and found wanting." The Spiritualism of Plato, directed and sanctified by the holy doctrines of the Savior of the world, is beginning to receive the attention which its merits and claims demand.

But the bigots of sect are now pursuing the same course of persecution against the discoverers of *spiritual* truth, which, in days gone by, they pursued against the investigators of science; and for the same reason: their position depends upon the continuation of ignorance, and any new light will have the tendency to divest them of their assumed importance. Their alarm is in direct ratio to the amount of light shed upon their doctrines; and their existence as leaders of mind, depends upon the time when this light shall be seen of all men. The old errors of heathenism which usurped the teachings of Christ, and for so many successive centuries formed the body of the visible church, are one by one disappearing; and we are confidently looking forward to the time when sects shall be numbered among things gone by, and men of all classes shall be united in an universal brotherhood.

We have made these few remarks as an introduction to a subject, which is at present demanding much attention from the public, and about which many and contrary opinions exist. We allude to the supposed spiritual communications made in Western New-York and other places.

We have neither time nor space to discuss all the points which have a bearing upon this question, but shall content ourselves by stating the matter as it strikes our minds, and our convictions concerning it. We are not ambitious, in the premises, of earning a title to extreme shrewdness, by a wholesale denouncement of the claim, as humbug; nor do



we intend to make ourselves obnoxious to a charge of credulity, by receiving statements as true, upon insufficient data.

The first question to be decided is, *Do Spirits exist after leaving the flesh?* The answer to this, involves the settlement of the long controversies between infidels and materialists on the one side, and the supporters of Christianity on the other; and we will only say that the arguments in favor of such an existence, are perfectly conclusive to our minds.

If disembodied spirits exist, *can they manifest themselves to spirits in the flesh?* Our modern philosophy upon this point is conveniently silent; and all the phenomena, which can only be accounted for, philosophically, on the principle of spiritual communication, are accredited to "mental hallucination," "optical delusion," or something of the kind. We believe incredulity, in the premises, is necessary, because of the importance and magnitude of the claim; but, at the same time, the mind should not be so shut up as to reject all kinds of evidence; and we ask no one to believe in the truth of any claims to the reception of intelligence from spirits, until such overwhelming testimony is adduced, as will silence every objection and afford complete demonstration. First, then, have we any records of spiritual communication? We labor under great difficulty in searching history for instances of the kind; for if we find them recorded in Scripture we at once denominate them miracles, and if in profane history, we look upon them as tricks of the imagination, or absolute falsehood, though the same evidence is adduced of their truthfulness, that we have of other transactions in which we place implicit confidence.

We may trespass upon sectarian grounds and make ourselves liable to a charge of infidelity by giving our views upon this subject; but we believe no one has a right to shun the responsibility which the utterance of his sincere thoughts may bring upon him. We only advance our own opinions upon this debatable ground, to find some sure method of examining the records of past events, and explaining the various phenomena which have hitherto been considered mysterious. We do not believe in what are usually termed Special Providences. We do not believe the Creator of the Universe, for any purpose, changes the laws He has established for the government of the world. We believe that every phenomenon which can possibly happen, has a sufficient cause, and is the result of immutable law. We there-

fore look upon the Prophets, the Apostles, and even the Savior himself, as but the natural results of principles established before Creation commenced, and which must continue through the duration of eternity. This doctrine is now taught by some of our profoundest scholars, and to them we leave the task of defending it.

We are no longer called upon to exercise faith, without reason, in many things, before inexplicable. We can see that the inspiration of the writers of the Bible, might have been the communion of spirits; and that many things which we have before regarded in the light of miracles, and which were really so in the age in which they transpired, assume the character of philosophy. The vision of Seers and the dreams of the Prophets are satisfactorily accounted for, and their teachings possess for us a ten-fold interest and importance. We do not say *all* the miracles can now be accounted for, because we are yet imperfectly developed; but we believe that the time will come when the laws which produced them, will be open to human investigation. Believing that the disciples actually saw Moses and Elias as they claimed to have done, can we come to any other conclusion than that spirits out of the flesh can manifest themselves to human beings? for, though we may claim a divine nature for the Savior, his followers were all human. The Revelations of St. John can only be accounted for upon this theory; and we shall be led to more thoroughly investigate them from the fact that they are such. Finding indisputable evidences of spiritual communications in the Bible, we can more candidly examine like claims given in profane history; and shall not be so much inclined to entirely discredit the story of Socrates' familiar, the vision of Brutus before the battle of Pharsalia, and the thousand other examples of like kind, which have come to us as well authenticated as any facts in history.

We come, then, to the conclusion, that spirits out of the flesh, can communicate with human beings.

The next question is, *Do spirits communicate in this age of the world?* Believing in the unchangeable nature of God's laws, we believe that these communications can now be made with as much facility, as at any other period of the world, and that any work ever performed can be re-produced provided we have the knowledge and power of the doer. We also believe in the constant progression of the human race, and that the time may come when evidences of the

highest development of the mental faculties, which have fitfully appeared at long intervals, will become common and universal.

Again, upon no other theory can we satisfactorily account for the various phenomena of mind which have so long puzzled our metaphysicians under the names of Somnambulism, dreams, presentiments, ghosts, &c.

Believing, then, in the possibility of spiritual communications, we are ready candidly and critically to examine any claim to such, and are prepared to receive evidence upon this point as upon any other. But it is not enough for us to know facts relative to this subject; we should endeavor to learn their cause, the laws which govern them, and the whole philosophy of their appearance, with its probable influence upon the world. First among modern expounders of spiritual doctrines, for the magnitude of his claims, and the clearness of his teachings, is Emanuel Swedenborg. He has given not only the description, but the philosophy of the spiritual world. Containing much of truth which the world was not prepared to receive, mingled perhaps with some error, his doctrines impressed every soul with a semi-conviction of their truth; still they needed corroboration. Startled at the doctrines which he taught, the orthodox world have pronounced him infidel; and the science of clairvoyance, which has so recently begun to attract attention, the work of the devil.

Men, however, are now thinking upon the subject; and the writings of Swedenborg, and others of like character, are eagerly sought for by thousands whose souls were thirsting for something more substantial than the meager food offered by the old system of things. Experiments in magnetism in almost every part of the country, tended to throw additional light upon the subject, and every new development served but to confirm the truth of the whole. While men were wondering what would be the result of these things, and were anxiously expecting something new which would explain away or confirm the doctrines taught, a new candidate for spiritual honors, appeared in the form of the mysterious rappings at Rochester. Their claims we have to investigate.

It is claimed that the sounds heard in various places, and which appear to accompany certain individuals, are produced by departed spirits; and the proof is found in the sounds themselves, and in the evidences of intelligence conveyed in the answers to questions.



Rejecting all other evidence, for the present, we will give our own experience and conclusions. When we first heard of the rappings in Wayne county, we pronounced it a very silly humbug; and the people who believed that any other than human agency was employed,—exceedingly credulous. But as the matter progressed, it began to assume a more tangible shape; and witnesses who were entirely above suspicion, gave their testimony to its truth. Being at Auburn upon business, we twice visited one scene of the communications, and, although we heard rappings we utterly failed in receiving any satisfactory evidence of the truth of the claims. At another place, however, the result was different. We seated ourselves, in company with several others, around a table, and heard the raps distinctly upon it, and upon the floor. It was claimed that many different spirits communicated, and each spirit had a distinct rap of its own. These raps were unlike anything we ever before heard, and the different raps were different in the quality of the sound as well as the loudness, as though they were made upon different qualities of wood instead of upon the same table. There was as much difference in the quality of the sounds, as if some of them were made upon hard, and others upon soft wood. This would not be the case if they were all produced by machinery upon the table. A spirit claiming to be that of a departed relative, gave us such information, in answer to questions, as no human being there, could know any thing about; and convinced us of the utter impossibility of deception, unless the deceivers had some method of obtaining information unknown to modern science. We have since visited the scene of operations at Rochester, and received farther evidence. In regard to the sounds themselves, we heard them upon the table and floor, and afterward upon the bare ground and upon the pavement, when two of the young ladies went out for the purpose of giving us an opportunity to examine. Again the raps were heard distinctly upon the door, while they stood near by, but not touching it, and we stood in such a manner that we could see both sides of it. Many of the raps were sufficiently loud to be heard across several rooms, and the jar was often distinctly visible. But the evidences of intelligence, furnished the most convincing proof. As a specimen of the answers we obtained, we subjoin the following.

Previous to our last interview, we prepared a paper on which was written about a dozen different names, only two

of which, were those of persons who were deceased. After asking a number of questions and receiving satisfactory answers to all, we asked, Will the spirit of whom we are thinking communicate with us? An affirmative answer was given. Will the spirit give its name? Again affirmative.

We now pointed at several of the names we had written, in succession, and when we reached the right one a rap was heard. Will that spirit give its age before leaving this world? Fourteen distinct raps were heard, which was again correct. We asked many questions of like kind, and *invariably* received correct answers. We also witnessed the moving of the table, about the room, without any visible agency.

We will not recapitulate the testimony of the hundreds who have witnessed these phenomena; but will content ourselves by saying we believe the statements, because we have ourselves witnessed things of like character. One important inquiry presents itself: why are not *all* questions answered correctly? We believe this may result from one of three reasons: either the mode of communication is so imperfectly understood that mistakes are made; or the mind of the person receiving the communication is not in the right condition; or the spirit communicating is ignorant upon the subject. We think it by no means follows, because a spirit has left this world and is able to manifest itself, that it possesses all knowledge, or is not liable to mistakes. Again, the inquiry is made, why the spirits take such a silly way to manifest themselves? We would say in reply, that we simply inquire if they are spirits, and if we become convinced they are, we leave the manner of their communications to themselves, believing it is none of our business until we can get a satisfactory reason from them.

Our experience has been much less than that of many others who have investigated the matter; but we have seen enough to convince us that many of the mere seemingly incredible stories which are in circulation, may be true.

There is a beautiful philosophy running through the doctrines which are presented by these spirits, according exactly with those of Swedenborg and others, who have claimed to have had like communications. This philosophy destroys the very foundation of infidelity on the one hand, and of sectarianism on the other, and has only for its object the highest elevation of the intellectual and moral nature of man. The doctrine of a future state of existence, is demonstrated; its character is defined; and the absolute necessity

of purity and intellectual progress here, to inherit happiness when we enter an untried state of existence, is made manifest. The littleness of the ordinary object of man's ambition is clearly taught, and the highest incentives are offered for the practice of the greatest good. Selfishness is denounced, and superstitious bigotry no longer preys upon the souls of men.

Death, with all its frightful accompaniments, loses its terror; and we can calmly look upon a dying friend, with the consciousness that he will be nearer us when his spirit is freed from its tenement than ever before; and we can smile upon the grim destroyer ourselves, when we can realize that our spirits will be permitted to watch over the destiny of beloved ones who still remain upon earth.

In conclusion, we would say to all, do not take our word for the truth of this belief, but investigate for yourselves; and then walk by the light which you may receive.

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IX.

TO ———

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BECAUSE within the same dear angel-heart  
 We both have place—the inner presence thou,  
 And I a guest that dwelleth more apart—  
 Because to no mere human name we bow,  
 And both, in love of every heavenly art,  
 Have pledged to Truth the spirit's voiceless vow—  
 Therefore I send to thee a stranger-voice;  
 I take thy brother-hand and say, Rejoice!

Rejoice that not alone we pray and toil,  
 But God is working for the fruitful end;  
 And as the self-same flowers in any soil  
 Spring up, celestial plants to likeness tend;  
 In rural spots, in cities' wild turmoil,  
 The light is shining, holy showers descend,  
 And when the Future's warmth is in the air;  
 A lovelier faith will quicken every where.

There is the season's birth to song and flower,  
 When tone and tint a kindred beauty show;



There is a birth of heart in childhood's hour,  
 When first with wildest earthly love we glow—  
 Of mind, when first we wake to conscious power ;  
 Of soul, when first to piety we grow ;  
 But last and brightest is the spirit, born  
 To perfect Love and Heaven's earthly Morn.

My spirit was a bud enwrapped and blind,  
 Nor knew to what its growing instincts burned,  
 Until a gentle one, with greeting kind,  
 On me a look of sweetest wisdom turned,  
 And stooped, my leafy fetters to unbind ;  
 The flower beheld the light for which it yearned,  
 And captives freed shall sooner love their den,  
 Than it shall "shut, and be a bud again."

Rejoice that angels, both unseen and seen,  
 Walking the earth or winging through the air,  
 Are sent to herald in the Age serene  
 When Earth an Eden look again shall wear,  
 And all the desert paths of life be green ;  
 Rejoice that God is present every where,  
 And many will be born to nobler birth,  
 Till every heart shall be a heaven on earth.

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## X.

### NOTES OF SCOTTISH TRAVEL.\*

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EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN AMERICAN LADY.

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*Saturday evening, 7th.*

YESTERDAY, we arose early and prepared for a trip to Edinburgh. The cook prepared coffee and an early breakfast, but I was too ill to take anything but a cup of milk. We walked up to the station, and left Glasgow at seven o'clock. We had a car to ourselves as far as Polmont, twenty-five miles on our way. On leaving the spacious car-house we passed through a tunnel three-fourths of a mile in extent, propelled by a stationary engine like that at Schenectady.

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\* Continued from page 292.

dy. We passed Cowlairs, Bishop Briggs, Kirkintilloch, Croy and Castlecary, which is fifteen miles from Glasgow. Before stopping at the latter place, we passed a splendid viaduct thrown across a deep ravine and supported by fifteen arches; also through an excavation in solid whinstone seventy feet deep. The next place is Falkirk; from which the station is distant half a mile, but in full view. Here is another viaduct, one of the arches of which is one hundred and thirty feet span. It was here that the first Edward was defeated in a famous battle by William Wallace, of Ellerslie. Travelers for Stirling Castle, leave the cars at this place to finish their journey in carriages.

Leaving Falkirk, we passed a tunnel eight hundred and eighty rods in extent, under Callender Hill. Beyond Polmont we crossed another stupendous viaduct over the Avon, thence through cuttings of great length to Linlithgow, nearly thirty miles from Glasgow. This place is interesting from its having been the abode of the Scottish Kings, and for its numerous and remarkable antiquities. The royal palace stands on the margin of the loch and extends some distance into it. It occupies nearly an acre of ground, and, though in ruins, is a beautiful and imposing edifice. It is also celebrated as being the birth-place of the unfortunate Queen Mary of Scotland. Farther on, is Niddry Castle, where she slept the first night after her escape from Lochleven. Still farther on, we found the most magnificent structure on the line—the viaduct across the vale of Almond water. It is composed of forty-three arches, some of which are ninety feet in height. Soon, the Grampians are seen looming up in the distance. After passing Corstorphine—delightfully situated at the foot of a thickly wooded hill—and a stone bridge over Leith water, we come in sight of the castle of Edinburgh standing on its lofty eminence, while domes and spires and distant hills break upon our delighted vision.

Edinburgh is situated on the Firth of Forth, scarce fifty miles from Glasgow, and two miles from the sea. It is built on three ridges, with valleys between, over which are thrown beautiful bridges. In one valley is the railway on which we arrived. The city is surrounded on all sides except the north by hills celebrated in Scottish history. It has Arthur's Seat, Salisbury's Crags, and Calton Hill on the east; Coraid and Pentland Hills on the south, and Corstorphine Hill on the west.

After gaining the street we examined our guide-book "to take our bearings," as the sailors say. During the examination, we were accosted by a middle-aged gentleman, who, judging that we were strangers, offered to accompany us through the city. He said he wished for no recompense, but if we went alone we might be imposed upon. I was unwilling to accept his offer fearing he might have some design upon us, but after O—— had conversed with him awhile he concluded to do so. Our first movement was toward Calton Hill, which is the eastern termination of Prince's street. On our way our guide directed us to a splendid drug shop, where I procured a draught for my illness. The apothecary was not only polite, but kind; urging me to stop and recline on a sofa for half an hour, assuring me that the rest would be of as much utility as the draught; and that I should be sufficiently better for it to make up for the loss of time. We left, however, he urging me, if I should be ill again, to call and get some more of his medicine. The first dose was effectual.

We then went to Calton Hill, and ascended it by wide stone steps. On the Hill stand many columns and monuments, beside two observatories and an unfinished national monument after the model of the Parthenon at Athens:—on the summit is a monument to the memory of Lord Nelson. I shall not attempt to describe the prospect; in the words of a Scotch writer, "From this place the prospect is so gorgeous, so grand, so replete with every thing in city, sea, or country landscape, which can thrill and animate with delight, that he is a *daring artist* who *attempts* to depict with quill or pencil the multitudinous splendors of the scene." We ascended to the top of the monument, where we gazed an hour with unbounded admiration! We could have gazed a whole day! Our guide pointed out every thing worthy of note—showed us where Jennie Deans lived, and the seat of the laird of Dumbiedikes. We could see the whole of the city, its ridges and valleys, its noble public buildings, and its elegant mansions; its pleasure grounds, and its numberless statues to departed worth.

We called a carriage and drove from Calton Hill to Holy-Rood palace. Although several of Her Majesty's soldiers stood in gay uniform at the gate we drove in without ceremony. And here we were in the most beautiful city of Great Britain, riding about at our ease from one castle to another. Our guide first took us to the abbey built by David I., seven hundred years ago. It is of great extent, beautiful, and finely



executed ; but time and "zeal beyond discretion," during the revolution, made sad inroads, leaving little else than its bare walls. James VII. repaired it in an elegant manner for a Royal chapel,—had a throne raised, floors laid with various colored marble, and a fine organ supplied. In 1758 it was covered with a stone roof ; it was too heavy, for in ten years it fell in and the building remains roofless at the present day.

From the abbey we went to the palace, where a lady pointed out all the note-worthy objects. It is quadrangular, surrounded by piazzas, and contains a court in the center. The front is two stories high ; but at each, end where the front projects it is higher, and ornamented by circular towers at the corners. We went all over it except through a suite of rooms now occupied by the countess. We were shown Queen Mary's chamber. In it is her bed, just as she occupied it. The quilt was wrought by her own hands—as also were the chairs. Her Maids of Honor wrought the tapestry which depends from the walls. By raising it we saw the secret door which leads down a private staircase to the abbey. Here entered Darnley and his accomplices to murder Rizzio. The next room is the cabinet, only three yards square, where Mary and her associates were supping at the time. We were shown the passage where the body was dragged out ; and spots of blood still remaining on the floor. There was the stool on which the Queen kneeled to be married, her miniature, and many other remembrances I have not time to mention.

The Picture Gallery, a hall one hundred and fifty feet in length, contains over one hundred portraits of Scottish kings. It is now devoted to state purposes, elections, etc. Queen Mary's portrait was defaced by the zeal or fanaticism of John Knox. We next went into the Hall of Audience, which was fitted up by George IV. twenty-nine years ago. The guide pointed out a full length portrait of that monarch, assuring us that it was an admirable likeness—as he then appeared. There is a rich throne in this room inclosed by a railing. We went through many other rooms, all deeply interesting for their associations with the unfortunate Queen. We left Holy-Rood, highly gratified with what we had seen, to visit the Hall of the Royal College which is considered "one of the most classical and elegant architectural structures of which Edinburgh can boast." On our way we passed John Knox's house ; it is now in a ruinous condition and is soon to be removed, as it is considered danger-

ous. On the upper corner stands an image of Knox as he appeared when preaching. The Royal College is principally devoted to museums of anatomical preparations of all kinds of animals, shells, minerals, and specimens of Natural History.

Edinburgh Castle is at the western extremity of the middle ridge on which High street is built. It is surrounded by a precipice, except on the side that joins the city, and stands three hundred feet above the valley around it. In front is a beautiful lawn, three hundred feet square, inclining toward the city. Batteries are arranged on the hill-side, one above the other, which we ascend by stone steps. We soon found ourselves gazing over the walls of Bomb Battery, the upper one—at New City, the Firth of Fife, etc. On this battery we found “Mons Meg,” a huge gun constructed in France three hundred and sixty years ago. In 1682 it burst while firing a salute to the duke of York, and was bound with iron hoops. It was carried to London and kept seventy years, but Walter Scott exerted himself so successfully, that it was brought back about twenty-one years ago.

The exertions of a fat soldier, whom we encountered, procured us entrance to the Crown Room, the chief curiosity of the place. The keeper was dressed in scarlet and black, the uniform of the ancient Body Guard of the kings of Scotland. A marble table stands in the center of the room, on which are deposited the royal wonders surrounded by a grating, through which we looked by the light of four large lamps. The Regalia consist of a crown, a scepter, and a sword of state; but there are with them a silver mace the badge of the lord Treasurer of Scotland, and a gold badge of the Order of the Garter, that Queen Elizabeth gave to James VI. There was in the room a large chest in which these treasures had been hid one hundred and ten years.—As these were insignia of distant ages and the brightest names in Scottish story, their recovery was hailed with delight.

After dinner we went to see Scott’s monument, and the Royal Institution, an elegant building with a statue of Queen Victoria on the summit; then through George street, where are two fine statues—one of George IV. and another of Wm. Pitt. This street begins and ends in two beautiful squares; St. Andrew’s Square has a column to lord Melville in imitation of Trajan’s column at Rome, and a statue on horseback representing lord Hopetown.

## XI.

## LAST PRAYER OF THE EXILED SCIOTE BOY.

BY MISS S. A. SHERMAN.

O! TAKE me, take me to the ocean!  
For I *must* hear its roar,  
E'er this heart that loves its anthem  
Is hushed to throb no more!  
I am dying! I am dying!  
O! take me to the sea!  
I'd list its deep and plaintive sighing  
E'er I have ceased to be.

O! take me where the wave is lifting  
Its crested foam on high!  
And let it bear me on its bosom—  
There, there, how sweet to die!  
Then sink beneath the crystal waters,  
In some far cavern deep,  
'Mid coral gems of sparkling beauty,—  
There, there, how sweet to sleep!

Within the grave I'll not be 'prisoned,  
Ye shall not place me there!  
Beneath the damp chill mold to wither,—  
O! heed ye, heed my prayer!  
If so be that ye are unheeding,  
I'll burst its bonds and flee,  
And cast me 'neath the dark blue waters,—  
My own beloved sea!

O! let me make my dying pillow  
Upon the waters free;  
And blent with sighings of the billow  
My dying breath shall be.  
Glorious! glorious shall that moment—  
Bless'd moment, come to me!  
The deep shall be my home forever—  
My own beloved sea!

WILLOW BROOK, June 10, 1850.



## XII. INSTRUCTION *via* THE SENSES.

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A CAREFUL observation of the nature of things, is the sole foundation of all truth. *Say.*

It is quite generally conceded that all our knowledge in this life, at least in its original elements, is obtained through the medium of the senses. Says Locke, "The senses at first let in particular ideas, and furnished the yet empty cabinet."

Transcendentalism, it is true, claims an intuition not dependent on physical sensation; and Mesmerism and Psychology perform wonders that are apparently independent of the ordinary means of gaining knowledge. On the contrary, some are by nature or education made so gloomily skeptical as not even to hope for an existence in which our physical natures will become more favorable than at present, or in which the soul, entirely enfranchised from material disability, will go forth with that perception and power which we attribute to beings purely spiritual—a change which some claim will make us in kind similar, and in degree, only, unequal to the Original and Supreme.

Without venturing into any extremes of metaphysical theory, we shall proceed upon the pleasing, hopeful, and almost universally received opinion, that the body is merely a temporary habitation for an independent existence, which, in its present state, receives all or nearly all its impressions through the ministering agency of the senses; and where these are wanting the soul is darkly imprisoned till death brings a welcome release.

Laura Bridgman, deprived of sight and hearing, gave very slight indications of her extraordinary talents, till a skillful instructor taught her by means of another sense; and Caspar Hauser came forth from his prison home, in physical dimensions a man, but in intellectual acquirement and ability the merest child. Among the lower orders of animals, some have but one or two senses, while the more varied and favored kinds, including man, have five; or, according to some philosophers, six; and who can say that there may not be intelligences in other portions of the universe that have more senses than we, of whose enlarged advantages and gratifications we can form no more conception than the

worm, burrowed in the depths of the soil, can of sight. In our present existence, the soul may aptly be compared to a prisoner in a dark and narrow cell, to which there are five or six windows or openings, furnishing bright, beautiful, extended, and instructive prospects, through which alone it can look during the whole term of its imprisonment. It may also be compared to a prisoner on parole, with permission to travel to any distance on five or six specified routes; but, for reasons satisfactory to the Power that has kindly granted so many privileges, prohibited from gratifying our curiosity in any other direction. If, then, these roads are blockaded—these windows closed—what possible hope of knowledge or improvement, can there be till death unbars the prison doors? To such we may well apply the quotation,

“THE soul raves round the walls  
Of its clay tenement, and shrieks for help,  
But shrieks in vain.”

Hence we derive this important and instructive lesson, which may well be remembered by every teacher and parent; viz: all knowledge, or at least all elemental knowledge, is originally obtained through the medium of the senses; these are the most direct and impressive means during life; and, therefore, we should always aim to use them as much as possible in obtaining or communicating ideas.

From these fundamental and general principles, many minute and practical directions may be readily inferred.—Every one will, perhaps, be able to discover that by not acting in conformity with these principles, he has often squandered time and favorable opportunities for the acquisition of knowledge, or obtained only imperfect or erroneous ideas. But without going over the whole ground that might be occupied, we will confine ourselves to the single sense of seeing, and to the application of these principles in the business of public instruction. It has been too long, and by too many, believed that books, books, books were the only assistants that teacher and pupils need in communicating or acquiring those classified kinds of knowledge termed sciences—that mere arbitrary, conventional signs, addressed to the eye, constitute the most distinct and impressive medium of feeling and thought. Consequently, it is but a few years since Geography was taught almost entirely without maps. It was supposed that mere words had a sufficiently magic power to convey to the minds of youth an accurate idea of

the shape, size and situation of the endlessly varied portions of the land and water that cover the vast surface of our globe. But when, by dear experience, it was found that these detailed descriptions, though they might be repeated as accurately as a song or a catechism, failed, not unfrequently, to make any correct or abiding impression, then the vast improvement of pictured representations, or maps, was introduced, and with signal success. These representations of the earth's topography are even now sometimes so carelessly taught as to be considered merely fancy pictures of some distant sphere ; but when they are intelligently used, they take the pupil on balloon-like excursions of personal observation to almost every part of our globe.

This same improvement of visible, tangible illustrations, has been successfully applied to all the sciences founded upon material objects. The geologist does not burden his pupil with merely verbal descriptions of rocks ; he exhibits specimens, collected from distant portions of the world, and accompanies him to illustrations *in situ* among the quarries and in the fields, on the mountains and in the glens.

The botanist sends his pupils to the woods and the fields, the marsh and the mountain, and encourages the collection and preservation of every variety of vegetation. The chemist does not disgust the learner with dry detail of principles and proportions ; but makes his recitation room a laboratory of the most brilliant experiments. The student in Natural Philosophy uses or sees illustrating apparatus ; and the juvenile astronomer has the prominent features of the heavens pointed out for him by his instructor, and is told to add to his own, the eyes of the telescope, and *see* for himself the distant wonders of the universe. Indeed, the Baconian philosophy of observation and induction, has been applied to all the physical sciences, and with the most auspicious results. In this respect, there has been a great advance. Still we think a more extended and varied application of this principle, might be made by individuals, and in our schools of every grade. Pestalozzi, the most original and successful school-instructor of the present age, was once making, on the black-board, a representation of a ladder, to give his school, or class, a more impressive, or correct idea of its shape and construction than he could by mere words, when a thoughtful boy, out-teaching his teacher, asked the privilege of bringing the object itself into the room. The request was granted ; and the pupils had the privilege of studying, not



arbitrary words merely, not a picture merely, but the real object which then was their easily learned lesson. Pestalozzi profited by this hint, and ever after used visible, tangible objects to a great extent in his school. This circumstance may serve to exemplify the three kinds of instruction and the three grades of impression. Suppose those children never had seen a ladder, or any similar object to which it might be compared: would a disquisition thereon, however learned, of mere morals, have conveyed a very accurate or lasting impression? Certainly not. At least, they would have seen "as through a glass, darkly." The next improvement was the imitation, or picture; but the most complete and truthful idea was, of course, obtained from the object itself. Things are first, pictures second,—arbitrary sounds or signs last and least, so far as vivid, permanent impressions are concerned. But, strange as it may appear, children in our best schools often acquire only imperfect or erroneous views of the most common subjects, because these truths are not practically applied.

A large share of our pupils who have learned to recite fluently the "Table of English Currency," suppose that the American cent, which they daily see and use, is the twelfth part of an English shilling, and that the shilling referred to, is the Spanish coin so common among us.

We have often seen a whole school at fault in both these particulars. Erroneous ideas are frequently obtained from other tables:—no definite conception is formed of the difference between Troy, Apothecary, and Avoirdupois weights; and of the different kinds of measures, so fluently repeated an inaccurate opinion is often formed. It would, therefore be well, on such occasions, to exhibit, if possible, specimens of the objects thus named, so that children would *know* what they recite—would have *ideas* and correct ones, as well as *words*.

When teaching Physiology, if the advantages of a skeleton, manikin, and anatomical plates, can not be had, the pupils or teachers might very properly supply the want from the slaughter-houses, thereby furnishing illustrations of the lungs, heart, brain, bones, muscles, &c. &c. Such a course might, at first, seem unfeeling and improper; yet the great advantages of illustrations, and truthful ones too, will ultimately introduce them into all our schools. Indeed, connected with the most highly favored school should be a universal cabinet of minerals, an herbarium of the vegetable kingdom,

a museum of the arts, and perhaps, also, a universal land and water menagerie of the animal kingdom.

Upon the same principle of more favorable and powerful influence, we should take advantage of the changes of the seasons and weather, of passing events which are promulgated by neighborhood gossip or newspaper history, of crimes and virtues, of benefactors and scourges whose recent exhibitions render them the theme of common interest and converse, to convey lessons of wisdom and morality, for they will then and thus be appreciated, understood, felt, and remembered.

We teach too exclusively from books ; and from things and events not enough. We do not teach enough of what is to be known and practiced in after life. They often become great mathematicians, yet cannot reckon with the poorest grocery clerk. They become learned grammarians, yet can not write a letter, or converse. They sometimes become great book-worms, and equally great fools. The fault, to a great extent, is in not teaching from things as well as from abstractions ; in teaching theory separately from practice ; in not applying our acquisitions as we proceed, and testing them by experiment and use ; and in not acting in accordance with the great principle that all our elemental knowledge comes, or comes most clearly, through the medium of the senses.

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### XIII.

#### M O R N I N G .

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How sweet to brush the sparkling dew  
From off the violet's petals blue,  
How sweet to pause and view its bloom,  
And breathe its prodigal perfume.  
Pleasant it is to watch each star  
Slowly withdraw its shining car,  
And seeming to retire—till even  
To gain more brightness—into heaven.  
Bright sentinels, your watch is passed !  
The lamp of heaven is lit at last.

XIV.  
TO ABRA.

BY JOHN SMITH.

O ABRA! fair Abra!  
I see thee again;  
How oft I've attempted—  
But always in vain—  
To banish thy image  
Beyond my sad breast;  
But ever thou comest  
To wake it from rest.  
I cannot pass by—where  
Thou dwellest apart,  
Afar from the circles  
Of falsehood and art,  
But I see thee within  
Thy rose-spangled bower,  
Where thou art, thyself, far  
The loveliest flower.  
I met thee this evening,—  
Chance ordered it so—  
Above thy fair features  
And forehead of snow,  
A circlet that Flora  
Might envy thy wear,  
Was paled by the damask  
That rivaled it there.  
My heart then did query  
Unconscious of guile;  
Can this be the maiden  
Whose frailties and wile  
Have led her, alas! to—  
(The mischievous elf,  
'The ruin of others,  
As well as herself!  
Ah no!—but if 't is so—  
I thought in alarm!  
'T were wiser for me, far,  
To fly from the charm.



## LITERARY NOTICES.

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- 1.—A TREATISE ON PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY, *Comprising Hydrology, Geognosy, Geology, Meteorology, Botany, Zoology, and Anthropology.* By A. BARRINGTON. New-York: Mark H. Newman & Co. 1850.

THERE is no department of science that has been more neglected than Physical Geography, and none which presents a broader field for research and speculation. Until within a few years there has been no comprehensive treatise upon the subject. Geographers have been content to present facts as they found them without drawing from them any general truth; and too often absurd speculation and false statements have taken the place of facts. In the department of school Geography an almost culpable negligence has prevailed, and most of our popular text-books are made up by patching together odds and ends upon almost every conceivable subject. Geography forms but a very small part of the works professing to be such, and there is but a small portion of Geography contained in such works.

The investigations of Baron Humboldt have given Physical Geography a more scientific character, and the late works of Guyot and Mrs. Somerville, have rendered it interesting and popular.

We have been looking for some treatise upon this subject adapted to our common schools, and have so far been disappointed; but when we saw the work which we have under consideration, coming as it did from a well-known firm of School-Book publishers, we supposed at last we had met with the work so much needed. We confess to disappointment. 1st. The book is not adapted to common schools. 2d. The subjects are ill chosen and badly arranged. 3d. There appears to be no unity of design running through the book. 4th. A great many subjects are discussed which have not any relation to Physical Geography. 5th. No one subject is thoroughly examined. 6th. The statements are not all reliable. 7th. The style in many parts is vicious.

There are some valuable things in the book. Some future author will find it a good encyclopedia for reference; and the scholar will find advantage in perusing it if he keeps constantly in mind the fact that he must receive the statements with distrust.

To show that our objections are founded on truth, we will, first, give a few of the subjects of chapters in this work on PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. GEOLOGY comprising about one fourth of the work. ANTHROPOLOGY, under which head we have *Religion, Missions, Government, National Debt, Standing Army, Balance of Power, Balance of Trade, Taxation, Banks and Banking, and Specie Currency.*

It would probably astonish Prince Metternich and Sir Robert Peel, to inform them that their lives have been devoted to *Physical Geography*.

We subjoin a few extracts, taken almost at random, to illustrate the loose use of language and departures from truth.

In the preface occurs the following: 'The great aim of all didactic inquiries should be, truth.' We are at a loss to know what a didactic inquiry may be.

Again, on page 6, speaking of the Dead Sea: 'Persons who have swum on its surface assert that its waters are *light* and extremely buoyant owing to its *great specific gravity*.' Water being *light* because of its *heaviness* is certainly a new theory under the sun.

Under the head of Cataracts and Cascades, we have the following: 'Winterbotham relates, that the Connecticut river, in the United States, at 40 leagues from its source, is so compressed with rocks, that it carries along on its surface pieces of *lead* as if they were so many *corks*; and that notwithstanding the utmost efforts it is *impossible to insert an iron point into its waters*.' This choice piece of information was undoubtedly derived from an old History of Connecticut published near two hundred years ago. It seems that the author of a text-book upon science, should possess enough knowledge to know that water can never be so compressed, and his knowledge of Geography should have taught him that no such fall is upon the Connecticut. A little farther on, is this remarkable sentence, and we would thank any one who will interpret it so as to make sense: 'The *volume of water* (at a cataract) must depend upon the *height* of the fall.' Next we have a description of Niagara, and a brief statement of the manner in which the author would have fixed things, had it been left to his care, to have enhanced its sublimity.

We have not space to point out many of the absurdities of like nature, but will say that most of the definitions are loose, and some decidedly incorrect. We close by giving the following capital sentiment of moral science from this work upon Physical Geography, hoping that the publishers will not suppress Byron's works in consequence.

Speaking of the Greeks:

'We know that Byron wrote,

' 'T is Greece, but living Greece no more.'

'This line displays the black heart of him who penned it. Greece is living, a free and independent country, after having performed deeds not unworthy of her best days; while Byron's grave contains the remains of one who died in the prime of life the victim of debauchery. He found the Greeks would not fall down and worship *him*, or even elect him king or general-in-chief, (for either of which he was totally unfit) so he must vent his spleen by croaking Greece was dead! a strange way, truly, of assisting the Greeks, while contending against such fearful odds.'

We find this in a note appended to the above:

'We think it is much to be regretted that this man's (Byron's) autobiography was not published instead of being burnt, and that Thomas Moore did not give all his letters at length, and tell the world all he knew about him; for then he would have appeared to the world as he was, and his would have been left to that class to which their author belonged.'

This extract must at once decide that the author is perfectly orthodox in his creed, and that his work is a capital treatise upon *Physical Geography*.

2.—POEMS. By H. W. PARKER. Auburn : James M. Alden, 67, Genesee-st. 1850.

THUS modestly does the author introduce his Volume to the Public, adding no preface to excite sympathy, and pleading no 'friendly solicitation' by way of apology.

A critical notice of the book is impossible with us, as we received it after the time that the *Union* is usually published. We regret this alike on account of the courtesy due a new author, and the unfailing interest attaching to his advent.—The poetry of a nation, influencing its taste, its soul, through the imaginative faculty, has always been esteemed a motor, second, in its power to none. From Homer and David, downwards, it has been the medium of the most thrilling histories, the sublimest sentiments, the most beautiful conceptions, which genius, and God through genius, have given to mankind. Both, then, as disciples of progress and as students of literature, we feel an absorbing interest in each new development of the divine art.

We do not learn that any considerable number of these poems have been published before, though a few have appeared in our best magazines, and have, at least in one instance, obtained the notoriety of English republication. We understand that they have been the occasional products of moments snatched from professional studies and labors, with scarcely a thought of ever being made public : and that it was only at the urgent request of his Publisher, that the author consented at all to the use of his name on the title-page. We mention these facts, as absolutely essential to a correct appreciation of the poems themselves. Excellent as they generally are, according to the already rendered verdict of Press and Public, we are quite confident that the author would feel neither flattered nor pleased at their being regarded as fair specimens of his poetic or moral strength. It is only as an indication of powers but partially developed, we opine, that he would consider the present volume valuable at all. This estimation we may allow him to hold ; it is neither ungraceful now, nor will it retard future effort ; for ourselves, while we fully believe that it will be followed by far higher and stronger manifestations, we must still say that should he never write another line, we consider him as having fully won a place among the poets of America.

The best feature in Mr. Parker's poetry, as found in this volume, seems to us to be its *expression* ; the bright fancy, the elastic movement, the fine taste, the facile composition—all indispensable to genuine poetry, and all unattainable by any labor not inspired by genius. These alone stamp their possessor a poet. Besides these, we find here what seems like a half-consciousness of other and nobler powers ; a self-appreciation too long smothered by circumstances, and now forcing itself into notice. It would seem as though he had given the years of his youth to the studies and reveries of the closet, to the exclusion of those lessons which the outward world can alone teach ; gaining his views of humanity rather from the dim pencilings of schoolmen, than the vivid and startling tableaux of life ; and that he is beginning to feel within him the struggles for birth, of faculties undeveloped by this discipline, yet too strong for its bondage, and which are no longer to be cheated of the existence which is their destiny. Nor is this condition,



if it be the true one, at all unfortunate. The great evil of the present day, among writers, is want of intellectual culture; and he who has communed freely with the immortal spirits of past ages, and wrestled victoriously with the mysteries of science, may well, if he only become conscious of the great progressive principle existing within him, gird up his loins for the world's strife in proud confidence of triumph.

But our speculations must end. We might adduce some of the longer poems in illustration of what we say, had we space; we are obliged, however, to content ourselves with one or two of a lighter character, on account of their brevity. To those who may wish to read the book—and we hope most of *our* readers will do so—we would mention 'The Loom of Life,' 'Vision of Shelley's Death,' and 'Love's Alchemy,' as being most genuinely and strikingly, *poems*.

His 'Imitations' we think of less worth than his originalities. David could not fight in Saul's armor; nor do we often find men like the Smiths whose faculty of adaptation will enable them readily to catch the tone and spirit of other authors; when we do find them, they are, like the Smiths, utterly incapable of creating for themselves.

In the following poem, Mr. Parker has thought proper to disclaim any design to imitate 'Excelsior.' We should have entertained no such suspicion, but should imagine it an effort, and a successful one, to describe and idealize the engraving designed to illustrate the famous words of Goethe which form its title.

"MORE LIGHT."

'I HAD a vision, yesternight,  
Of one who clomb a mountain's side,  
And loudly cried for 'Light—more light!'  
And loudlier called at every stride.

'His words so silver-voiced—so broad  
And fair his marble throne of mind,  
He walked the mountain like a god,  
And upward gazed, but—he was blind.

'And thro' his filmy eyes there came  
The glimmer of a distant glare,  
For, all the summit burned with flame,  
And shot its cinders high in air.

'Still up and on he urged his way,  
With form erect and footsteps bold,  
Till he was lost, beyond the day,  
Within the smoke that downward rolled.

' "More light—more light!" he proudly said,  
' Too long has truth in darkness lain,  
Too long have men for falsehood bled—  
The world shall welcome Reason's reign.

' "I gasp for breath in bigot clouds,  
But keep my upward, onward way,  
And brighter, brighter stream the floods  
Of freer thought and coming day!"

'His voice was lost to listening ears,  
His form grew dim to sight of men,  
And, in the happy after years,  
His name was never heard again.'

We close with one of his sonnets, which is quite to our taste, and in the hope that we may have the privilege, ere long, of reading, if not noticing, another volume from the same source.

'TO A BLONDE.

'I EVER loved a dark and doting eye,  
And heavy curls of glossy raven hair ;  
But now, O Lillie, never more I sigh  
For eyes and ringlets steeped in Passion's dye,  
Since loveliness like thine is passing fair,  
Whatever be the color it may wear.  
The hair is but a turban for the head,  
The eyelash but a little fairy veil—  
Each lovely, if to Beauty they are wed.  
I love thy hair, so golden-brown and pale,  
That o'er thy temples thou dost smoothly trail ;  
I love thy drooping eyelid's silver thread ;  
But, more than braided locks of sunny gold,  
Thee—thee I love, thou ever sunny-souled !'

3.—I. CHOIX DE POESIES *Pour les Jeunes Personnes*. Par M<sup>lle</sup>. A. COUTAN.  
*New-York : D. Appleton et Compagnie. Philadelphie : Geo. S. Appleton.*

II. MEZZOFANTI'S SYSTEM OF LEARNING LANGUAGES, *Applied to the Study of French. With a Treatise on French Versification, and a Dictionary of Idioms, Peculiar Expressions, etc.* By J. ROEMER, *Professor of the French Language and Literature in the New-York Free Academy.* *New-York : D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia : Geo. S. Appleton. 1850.*

THESE two books are designed to facilitate the acquisition of the French Tongue. The compiler of the former work has been long an instructress of youth, and this work is the result of her experience. From the preface we translate a paragraph indicative of the views which guides her in her labors :

'ALL true poetry has its source in the heart, and its office is to excite life-like and sublime sentiments ; it has over prose the advantage of engraving more easily and deeply on the memory the salutary precepts it contains.'

The 'Selections' are from the best French authors, and judging from those we have examined, they are of the highest moral and poetical character ;—such, indeed, as cannot fail to please all French readers.

The study of French, is arranged upon the system of Cardinal Mezzofanti, one of the greatest linguists of modern Europe. The Reader is made up of fine compilations from the best prose writers in the language, with occasional scraps of poetry. The Analysis and Rules of French Versification are important to young learners.

- 4.—HANDBOOK OF MEDIEVAL GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY. By WILHELM PUTZ, *Principal Tutor at the Gymnasium of Duren. Translated from the German, by the Rev. R. B. PAUL, M. A., Vicar of St. Augustine's Bristol, and late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850.*

To the general reader there can be nothing more interesting than the geography and history of the middle ages. The events following the fall of the Roman Empire and preceding the Reformation, have been much less known than the histories of ancient Greece and Rome; chiefly because there was no hand qualified for the task of transmitting them to posterity. If mediæval history has not been a blank, it has been a mass of chronicles so confused as to defy the scrutiny of ordinary investigators. This is true to a greater extent with continental history than with that of the British Empire, and for obvious reasons; still on all these was the shadow of the dark ages, undisputed until Religion asserted its empire. Consequently whatever throws light upon the chaos of politics and of war, of manners and of the social usages then prevailing, is interesting to the philosopher and metaphysician, as it is to him who chronicles for posterity the events of the darkened Past. The novelist can find in the half-legendary stories which have descended from that era, more wherewith to construct his cabinet fabric than in the well attested history of a dozen centuries of an earlier or later period.

- 5.—THE PHILOSOPHY OF ELECTRICAL PSYCHOLOGY; *In a course of Nine Lectures. By JOHN BOVEE DODS. Stereotype Edition. New-York: Fowlers & Wells.*

THIS work, from the great apostle of Psychology, is to be considered, doubtless, as an orthodox exposition of its principles, and of the theoretical arguments which justify a belief in the same. We think, however, that the 'thousand and one' disciples of the great master have to a great degree anticipated him in the promulgation of the mysteries—now so common, if not so thoroughly understood—as to leave little of curiosity to be satisfied by a perusal of the book before us, even though its perusal should have that effect. This naturally brings us to a consideration of its merits as a publication; which we are forced to say compares feebly with the majority of those bearing the imprint of the above-named firm. Whether it is through design we cannot say; but there seems from the beginning to the end of the work, a studious evasion of what would elucidate its subject matter. We get, not a treatise on the science of Psychology, but rather an elaborate laudation thereof, with reports of the numerous cures wrought by the author; but although its contents do not justify the pretensions set forth on the title-page, it contains many valuable suggestions relative to the preservation and restoration of health which render it not only readable, but in some degree interesting.

—B. R. PECK & Co.



- 6.—THE VILLAGE NOTARY; *A Romance of Hungarian Life. Translated from the Hungarian of BARON EÖTVÖS, by OTTO WENCKSTERN. With Introductory Remarks by FRANCIS PULZEY. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850.*

A GREAT interest has attached to every thing relating to Hungary since her late noble but ineffectual struggle for freedom. Her history has been searched, her institutions have undergone a close scrutiny, and her Literature has attracted much attention.

From her position, being separated from Western Europe, by Austria, and the difference of customs and language, we have been accustomed to look upon Hungary as little removed from barbarism; and we are therefore surprised to meet with specimens of Literature which would do honor to any nation.

The work before us was evidently written for political purposes, by a warm lover of Hungarian Freedom. A very vivid picture of the internal condition of the country is drawn, and the author makes us acquainted with the 'Hearts and Homes' of all classes of his countrymen.

The unlimited power, the arrogance and tyranny of the imperial officers are vividly portrayed. The interest of the work consists in its ever-varying incidents, and energetic action. To those who would like a picture of Hungarian life, as it appears to one of her own sons, we would recommend the perusal of this work.

- 7.—I. VON HERRINGER'S CELEBRATED INSTRUCTION BOOK FOR THE PIANO FORTE, *Containing the Principles of his Newly Invented Notation; Patented at Washington City, June 12th, 1849, by the name Chromatic, or Presidential System. Most Respectfully Dedicated to the Ladies of that City, as a Token of Gratitude for their kind assistance in forwarding and patronizing the Invention.*
- II.—THE DULCIMER: *or the New-York Collection of Sacred Music, Constituting a large and choice variety of New Tunes, Chants, Anthems, Motetts, &c. From the best Foreign and American Composers, with all the Old Tunes in Common Use. Together with a Concise Elementary Course, simplified and adapted to the Capacities of Beginners. The whole comprising the most complete Collection of Sacred Music ever Published. By J. B. WOODBURY, Organist and Director of Music at the Rutgers street Church, Editor of the American Musical Review, and Author of various Musical Works.*
- III. WOODBURY'S YOUTH'S SONG BOOK; *For Schools, Classes, and the Social Circle: By Permission, Arranged and Adapted to the New System of Musical Notation. By ERNEST VON HERRINGER, Author of 'Piano Forte and Guitar Self-Instructor,' &c.*

THESE new issues from the press of Huntington & Savage, contain the much talked of 'New System of Musical Notation' of Prof. Von Herringer, and the latest revisions of Prof. Woodbury's works.

The New System is highly recommended for its simplicity—we believe—except by those whose prepossessions for the old, are too strong to be overcome. The engraved ‘Positions’ in the ‘*Self-Instructor*,’ with their explanations, strike us as being fine delineations of the true, and as self-recommendatory to all inquirers.

WYNKOOP & BROTHER.

8.—THE HARMONIA: *A New Collection of Easy Songs, Composed and Arranged for one, two, three and four Voices, with a new set of Rules and Practical Exercises, upon an Original and Scientific Plan, for the Use of Schools, Singing Classes, and Social Circles.* By SOLOMON CONE, Teacher of Music in the Public Schools, and Director of Music in the Third Presbyterian Church, Albany. Albany: E. H. Pease & Co.

WE have not been able to decide on the merits of the ‘plan’ of this book, but are highly pleased with the selections, many of which are original.

—STODDARD & BABCOCK.

9.—DICTIONARY OF MECHANICS, ENGINE WORK, AND ENGINEERING. OLIVER BYRNE, Editor. D. Appleton & Co.

Nos. 10, 11 and 12 contain an elaborate and complete—perhaps the most complete—treatise on the steam engine ever published in this or any other country. Engineers who fail to possess themselves of this work must be comparatively ignorant on the subjects herein treated.

—For sale by WYNKOOP & BROTHER.

10.—AN INTRODUCTION TO THE WATER-CURE: *A Concise Exposition of the Human Constitution; The Conditions of Health; The Nature and Causes of Diseases; The Leading Systems of Medicine; and the Principles, Practice, Adaptation, and Results of the Water-Cure; Showing it to be a Scientific and Comprehensive System for the Preservation and Restoration of Health, Founded in Nature, and Adapted to the Wants of Man.* By THOMAS L. NICHOLS, M. D. New-York: Fowlers & Wells.

WE have another work from the prolific press of the above named firm, devoted to a discussion of the laws of health and the means of its restoration. The present, however, is designed as an introduction to the one which is to follow in which the principles of the Water-Cure are to be more completely unfolded. In this, the inefficiency of the other prevailing systems as compared with Hydropathy, is discussed, as is the adaptation of the system practiced by the author. There is an earnestness of purpose manifested in this volume, which is proof, at least, that its author’s soul is engaged in his work.

—PECK & Co.

- 11.—THE PROGRESSIVE FRENCH READER; *Suited to the Gradual Advancement of Learners Generally, and Especially adapted to the New Method, with Notes and a Lexicon.* By NORMAN PINNEY, A. M. New-York: Huntington & Savage. 1850.

A NEW book and a good one, for the class of learners for which it is designed. In short, we know not where to find a work for *young* readers of the French, so well adapted their wants. The first lessons are simple and vary so little from the English idioms, that he must be a dull scholar indeed, who cannot progress in the acquisition of the language.

—For sale by WYNKOOP & BROTHER.

- 12.—WEBB'S NORMAL READERS. Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4. By J. RUSSELL WEBB. New-York: Huntington & Savage, and Mason & Law. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby & Co.

WHEN, nearly a year since, the author of this series of Readers, presented us with the Nos. then issued, with the admonition *not* to notice them unless we could bestow unqualified praise, we commenced their examination, with a wish to find merits that should strikingly outweigh all faults. Utterly failing in this, and after marking a large number of inexcusable errors, we laid them aside without notice. Now that the very gentlemanly and enterprising publishers have themselves sent us a set, we feel obliged, after expressing the highest admiration of their elegant mechanical execution, still to so far observe the injunction of the author, as to refrain from farther speech concerning them.

—WYNKOOP & BROTHER.

- 13.—LEONARD SCOTT & Co.'s REPUBLICATIONS.

ARTICLE IV. in the April No. of the EDINBURGH is a fine review of Landor's Poetry, based on the several volumes he has published. This review is interesting to those who have not been able to read the poems, because it is an analysis of the works of a man whose literary course was marked out with a special reference to, and veneration for, the classic authors of his *Alma Mater*. This circumstance renders the poetry of Walter Savage Landor a curiosity, and an analysis of it fascinating to the student.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY contains several interesting papers; some of which bear so little of that conservatism almost peculiar to itself, as a review, that we make but few exceptions to a general commendation of its contents. No student in European history can fail to read '*Ranke's House of Brandenburg*' with the intensest interest; as it affords a prospect of the Royal House of Prussia, from a stand-point mostly unknown, except to such of American readers as are conversant with British periodical literature.

With the article entitled '*Lord Clarendon*,' we are convinced few of our readers will find fault; unless it be, that their dislike of the man as a functionary of the



Crown, is founded more on his intrinsic demerits, and less on his political tenets, than that manifestly pervading the mind of the writer of the article.

BLACKWOOD preserves its usual features. Its political articles are no less elaborate and caustic than formerly, nor does the raciness of its continuations depreciate. Whoever loved the '*Noctes*' of CHRISTOPHER NORTH, cannot fail of being delighted with the more subdued and deeper shaded lines from the pencil of '*Christopher under Canvass*.' In truth, we rather prefer the latter; although it shows not some of those features of high healthiness which used so much to delight us. But with the loss of exuberance, there is also a softening of the boisterous and sometimes savage gambolings which made the circle at Ambrose's, a representative of orgies still less real. The delicate analyses of Professor Wilson—in whatever form they may be—cannot but be admired so long as criticism shall find a place in literature.

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14.—THE MASSACHUSETTS QUARTERLY REVIEW. *June.*

THE leading article entitled '*The Polish-Slavonian Philosophy*,' is based upon several continental publications, and contains a brief exposition—as is indicated by its heading—of the Philosophy of the Slavonian tribes. Probably no period could be more opportune than the present, for a publication of the Ideas of a people, in reference to whom, of late, there has grown in the minds of men so general and so just a curiosity. We can commend the article before us to those who delight in the abstruse, as containing much, both of fact and of Philosophy, and many of the ideas in the process of germination in the Slavonic mind.

The third article, entitled '*The Industrial Arts in Russia*,' from the pen of MAJOR PELT, (Leipsic) is a discriminating but somewhat severe exposition of Russian policy, so far as it has reference to the Industrial condition of the empire. The prevailing idea of Russian power is intelligently negatived.

The review of '*Browning's Poems*,' is a decidedly pleasant and readable article. Its analysis is just without affectation, and minute without wearisomeness; there is a lightness of manner and weightiness of matter which may be considered the *sine qua non* of poetical criticism.

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15.—THE ANGLO-AMERICAN NEW CHURCH REPOSITORY, AND MONTHLY REVIEW. *Devoted to the Exposition of the Philosophy and Theology taught in the Writings of EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, Conducted by GEORGE BUSH, A. M., New-York.*

WE have been favored with the Nos. so far, of this publication, which contain an able and discriminating article on '*Swedenborg's Principia*,' from the London *Intellectual Repository*. There is a profound interest in tracing the resemblance between the *Principia* of Swedenborg and the subsequent discoveries in astronomical science, which have gone so far toward a confirmation of the claims of the Swedish philosopher and his disciples. Whoever reads this article will remain unsatisfied—able as it is, and as demonstrative as it is able—without reaping from the author's own works the fruits—almost divine—of his labors.

## OUR REUNION.

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### A LAST WORD.

—PROBABLY for the last time do we meet our readers in the social circle of the *Reunion*.

When, nearly eighteen months ago, we first essayed the establishment of our journal, we did it under conviction of a necessity. Much as we questioned our adaptedness, inexperienced in such matters as we were, to the conduct of such a paper as we proposed, we felt still more impressed with the conviction that such an one was needed. Come what would, we trusted that no ill could attend the experiment; and so we tried it.

We shall not dwell on our aims, our efforts; sufficient that we have not fully realized the former, from the insufficiency of the latter to overcome all the difficulties of our position. To have conducted a metropolitan journal, with a publisher to assume all business cares, would be the veriest child's play compared with what we have been forced into doing. These perplexities, it is true, have been gradually and constantly diminishing; and we are now at the very point where we feel that we might make the *Union*, from the character of its contributors and mechanical execution, a worthy addition to the literature of our country. Yet at this point we have determined to suspend its publication.

Our main reason is short and simple. For nearly a year and a half, we have published the *Union*, losing, *with every No.*, a sum of money which we were ill able to lose, though we felt still less able to refrain from prosecuting our enterprise. Were the simple loss of this money all, we should continue to do so, if need be, for some time longer. But with the other duties of the conductors,—duties they may not neglect—have come, of late, cares and labors which leave no room for publishing. With suitable business facilities, they might, indeed, perform their editorial duties, and with far better effect than heretofore; but the labors which inevitably attend every successful publisher, they cannot perform. It is the full realization of this fact, at the present moment, which has decided their course.

We do not say that the *Union* is permanently discontinued—that it has in sober earnest given up the ghost; indeed, we hope and believe not. Other and more favorable circumstances—a season of comparative leisure on our part, or a different disposition of the publishing interest,—may again impel the vital machinery, and cause the current of life to rush through its channels.

But we have no word of disappointment or reproach. Our patrons have not been dinned with the story of our pecuniary loss, or threatened with a collapse of our machinery unless their efforts were directed to the extending of our circulation. We don't like threats; we have not used them. To be sure, if our friends *had*

been able to supply the place of agents, &c., it would have obviated our cardinal difficulty ; but we indulge in no censure. Our work has been a labor of love ; on the whole we are amply repaid. No vision of an ungrateful public, haunts our fevered fancy ; no stings of wounded vanity, chafing at want of appreciation, disturb the calm serenity of our temper. We long ago girded on the armor of faith and effort in the cause of truth ; we doff no helm, trail no lance, unbrace no visor, but stand ready, with the same, or rather with increased hopefulness and courage, to do battle wherever our feeble strength can aid the suffering right.

A business card to our patrons who have paid in advance, will be found on our cover. And so,

*Vale !*

#### FREE SCHOOLS.

—THE Common School Systems of New-England and New-York, have been justly regarded as the proudest monuments of American liberty and American progress. The idea that all are entitled to a chance of obtaining an education, was one of the first promulgated from the Rock of Plymouth, and it has been steadily growing with the growth of the people, until it pervades every region inhabited or influenced by the descendents of the Puritans.

The States have made liberal provision for the support of schools for all ; and political parties have vied with each other in advancing the interests of popular education. Common School Houses have become sure indications of the prevalence of a republican spirit, and they can be regarded only as the surest bulwarks of the land in time of danger.

The idea that education should be *free* to all, like the air and water, and the right of every child to an education, like its right to a sufficient quantity of the products of the earth to support life, is of comparatively recent origin. But the truth of the claim was so obvious, that it needed only to be promulgated to be believed. Men of all creeds and parties, advocated the principle that the property of the state should be taxed to educate the children of the state until it universally pervaded all classes. The Legislature in its uniformly progressive course to advance the interests of the Common Schools, thought proper to recognize this principle formally, and hence they submitted to the people of New-York the present School Law, embodying that principle. The result of this was the adoption of the law by one of the greatest majorities ever given in the state.

The influence of money, which could not stem the tremendous tide of popular sentiment, apparently submitted to a necessity after having attached to the bill as many obnoxious details as possible. Then after the bill became a law, and these details began to work mischief, instead of changing it so as to become more practicable, the determined enemies of the measure re-submitted it to the people, hoping that a sufficient number of voters would be blinded by inequalities which result from the imperfect details, and throw their influence against the principle, and thus kill it.

The question is now fairly before us, whether we will vote for a law with some objectionable features, or against one of the most progressive and Christian ideas of the nineteenth century—FREE SCHOOLS. If the former course is taken, a future Legislature *must* and *will* perfect the details ; if the latter, then a great principle



is buried, which will undergo no resuscitation until the strong tendencies of the people shall burst the bonds of party and demand their rights in terms which cannot be refused.

We leave the task of demonstrating the justice of the demand of every child to a free education, to the Political Economist, who will show how a nation is enriched by universally diffused knowledge; to the Jurist who will give statistics of the difference between prevention and punishment of crime; to the Christian who will state the effect of education in turning the attention of the mind to the higher and graver duties of life; and to the Philanthropist who will show the effect of enlightening the masses, in multiplying virtue and happiness, and destroying misery and vice.

We say to all, do not be blinded by a fictitious issue, but thoroughly examine this whole subject, and walk by the light which you may receive.

#### HYDROPATHY.

—It is not a little interesting to observe the great variety of medical treatment, which has been conjured up by the ingenuity of man for the double purpose of recruiting the bodies and reducing the purses of such poor fellows of the human family as can be laid hold of by the 'Profession.' Still we think if the attenuation of the limbs can be obviated by a corresponding process upon the item-roll of one's profits in business, the choice should not long be dwelt upon; but the *cent per cent* should not always—as it usually does—stand *against* the miserable seeker for a common share of God's blessings. It may be unwise to quarrel with that fraternal disposition in man, to be advantaged by those calamities of the victimized, which most especially disqualify them for even a willing submission to its rapacity, as the sanctimonious hypocrite is ever apparently most shocked by what a true Christian sees reason to condemn. With what emotions, did the philosopher who laughed at the follies of mankind—witness the rapacity, which, alas! is shared by too many?

How can any one, with even the common feelings of humanity, look with complacency upon the transparent selfishness which appears the principal feature in the character of those who profess a philanthropic motive in the extension of curative privileges, when those privileges are made the cover of a legalized extortion, the meanness of which is only equaled by its cowardice? But it is sometimes apparently necessary to take things as we find them, rather than go far out of our way to correct evils which are tolerable—because of their relation to, or connection with, advantages we can hardly do without.

Turning over the 'Notes' we penned erewhile, and under other circumstances, we stumbled upon these half-forgotten 'Lights and Shadows':

'An old bachelor, who had grunted and grumbled his way up to an advanced stage of manhood, through a dozen salivations of calomel, and as many attacks of the gout, and finally had his legs converted into bedposts by a protracted siege of the inflammatory rheumatism, after being subjected to the packing process about two weeks, found his sheet literally covered with small particles of the calomel and other noxious drugs he had previously taken into his system. He is now becoming one of the sprightliest, most fun-creating and popular inmates of the curative establishment; to which, probably, his immense wealth contributes not a little.—

When we all get down in our sitz baths, he, with his fantastic dressing robe on, looks like the grand Sachem surrounded by his tribe of wild Indians. It is a sad predicament for a man to crack jokes in; nevertheless we are forced to adopt some means by which a buoyancy of spirits may be preserved; else we should not be true to the first and strongest instinctive impulse of our natures—self-preservation. We should actually die with affright, at the mischievous looking plugs and spouts, and long crooked pipes of lead and copper that point down at us from the water chests above; and up at us through the grated floor below; and shoot out toward us from the sides of the room, like the barrel of an old-fashioned musket peeping through an ominous looking barricade, if some plan was not contrived to direct our attention from these objects, and convince our doubting senses that we have not gone to our final account.

'It is wonderful how a little philosophy delivered with a prophetic air and a fair show of book knowledge operates as a reconciliation between the belligerent impulses of the spirit and those antagonist innovations which promise health to the suffering invalid. In the golden perspective of a newly excited hope, the modesty and refinement which his mother taught him to cherish and revere, soon vanish from his sight; and he casts down, without remorse or shame, the goodly raiment in which his dignity and self-respect have so long been enshrined, without feeling the want even of that simple expedient which occurred so readily to the minds of our first parents after the 'fall,' and furnished mother Eve with the first job of needlework. The sitz bath is decidedly democratic in its tendencies—a great leveler of social distinctions. Under its influence the highest grade of aristocracy is humbled into terms of equality with the lowest grade of republican simplicity:—not theoretically, as in the declaration of independence and in our fourth of July orations; but practically and literally; the young and the old, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay are all reduced to the same water level. The process is brief in its operation; its great work is suddenly accomplished.—Between hope and fruition there is no intervening lapse of slow-moving centuries, filled with their bloody revolutions; their weariness and their work;—but the simple, health-promising Spirit of Hydropathy, standing up amidst the frightful machinery of the bath-room, awes the proud man down into a posture as low, undignified and humiliating, as the meekest of its votaries is required to assume. The word of command is brief and expressive;—the little monosyllable 'drap!' is heard and down he goes into his sickly looking tub and his ghastly looking phiz shows that the work has been thoroughly done.'

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

—S. A. S. will find the answer to her inquiry in the fact that this No. of the *Union* closes its present existence.

—Several articles on hand, of course cease now to be valuable to us. Their owners will please direct us what disposition to make of them.

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HAMILTON FISH.

*From the Hon. CHRISTOPHER MORGAN, Secretary of State, and Superintendent of Common Schools.*

STATE OF NEW YORK, Secretary's Office,  
Department of Common Schools, ALBANY, April 10, 1849.

MR. ROBERT SEARS,—Sir—I have examined your series of Pictorial Works; I find them to contain a large amount of valuable information, and take pleasure in cheerfully recommending them as suitable Books to be introduced into the Common and District School Libraries of this State.

CHRISTOPHER MORGAN.

*Recommendations of Hon. ROBERT H. PRUYN, GABRIEL P. DISOSWAY, JAMES D. BUTTON, JAMES W. BEEKMAN, and ALONZO JOHNSON, Committee on Colleges, Academics, and Common Schools.*


NEW YORK LEGISLATURE, April 5, 1849.

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\* The works alluded to as having been examined and recommended for the libraries, are as follows:—"A New and Popular description of the United States"—"Pictorial history of the American Revolution"—"Scenes and Sketches of Continental Europe"—"Description of Great Britain and Ireland"—"Pictorial Family Annual"—"Treasury of Knowledge"—"Information for the People"—"The Family Instructor"—"Pictorial Sunday Book"—"Bible Biography"—"Bible History"—Second Series of the "Wonders of the World."

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